

COUNTRY LIFE

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Photo. by LAFAYETTE,

THE HON. MRS. HENNIKER.

179, New Bond Street.

CROOKHAM HOUSE, WINCHFIELD.

THE fairest gardens of England are not always of imposing dimensions. We have rejoiced many times in the cottage plots of the village, but felt little interest in the lordly parterres of the mansion where a few kinds of plants are spread thickly over the beds to create a garish and inartistic picture. There is no life in a garden of this kind. It does not appeal to the true artist, who seeks out flowers of beautiful forms and planted in a way to display their characteristic beauty.

We are pleased to show our readers illustrations of a small but delightful garden in Hampshire—Crookham House, Winchfield, the residence of the Hon. Richard Moreton, who, we need scarcely write, loves gardening, and knows that by boldly grouping distinct families of plants the most interesting effects are gained. The garden is small, comprising only three or four acres, but it is planted with a true knowledge of gardening, free from finicking, paltry endeavours to score the ground with designs of wonderful intricacy. As the grounds have only been formed about four years, we must congratulate their owner upon their finished aspect and the bold, free way in which they are planted.

The house itself, a building covering considerable ground, was much altered and enlarged five years ago by its present owner, and commands beautiful views of the Beacon and



Photo. by F. Mason Good.

A PLEASANT CORNER.

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Hausdon Hills. A simple gravel terrace gives dignity to the house, the ground sloping away to a broad lawn, relieved by groups of bamboo, and irregular banks of shrubs on the borders. Nothing is cramped, and everything is permitted to reveal its true character, without the choke-muddle kind of gardening that disfigures many of our English homes.

Amongst the shrubs, *Lilium Browni* is planted, and last



Photo. by F. Mason Good.

A STAR-SHAPED FLOWER BED.

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summer flowered remarkably well, the big flowers, ivory white, suffused with brownish purple on the outside, rising boldly above the surrounding leafage. We think this sweet association of flower and shrub should be developed largely in all gardens, and there are happily signs of an awakening in this direction. The lily family, filled with lovely kinds, bold in form, and as varied in colour as the queenly rose, is never happier than thus grouped, as we have lately described in our gardening notes in COUNTRY LIFE. Banks of shrubs may be lightened by *L. auratum*, *L. pardalinum*, *L. speciosum*, *L. tigrinum*, and a host of others, the shrub growth protecting the rising lily shoots in spring.

Along the terrace standard fuchsias were a picture of beauty during the past summer, the plants, which were fully 3ft. in height, being in tubs. In winter they are replaced by golden cupressus. Tub-gardening, if we may thus describe this form of culture, is full of delightful possibilities.

The glorious fuchsias at Crookham House reveal the true beauty of this flower, its gracefulness, colour, and brilliancy. With age the plants increase in interest and charm, and are welcome set out individually or grouped upon the outskirts of the lawn. Agapanthus (African lilies), myrtles, sweet verberna, Romneya, and many other shrubby plants, handsome in flower, may be mentioned also as adapted for tubs. In Continental gardens, and hotels even, it is not unusual to find splendid plants in tubs, decorating positions in which any other form of gardening would be impossible.

Fuchsias are a feature in this garden. They brighten terrace and bed with their wealth of flowers, forming the principal occupants of the star bed seen in one of our illustrations. The round part of this arrangement is filled with many varieties, the plants varying from quite dwarf specimens to those 3ft. in

height, smothered with blossom during many weeks. At the point of each star is an old oil jar containing the picturesque *Yucca recurva*. The ivy-leaved pelargonium, Souvenir de Charles Turner, was as brilliant in colour as almost any flower in this well-designed garden. It was planted freely, and vied with the sumptuous colouring of the tuberous begonia for effectiveness, the begonias being grouped at the base of the oil jars.

A bold mass of bamboos is thoroughly enjoyable. The grassy stems rustle gently in the breeze, and the group in this garden is enriched by Tritomas or Kniphofias (flame-flowers), glorious flowers of autumn, lighting up the garden with colour, which seems to pour from the strong orange-coloured spikes. *T. nana* forms a margin to the group. During recent years we have gained a fuller knowledge of the beautiful bamboo family, and found that it is far harder than many suppose. The kind that comprises the group at Crookham House is *Bambusa Metake*, which is, perhaps, the hardiest of the family, rich in colour, and remarkably vigorous. Where it succeeds well, other kinds more "grassy" and graceful might be tried, as there is a host of forms, some taller and more slender than others. We have lately visited gardens in which almost a complete collection has been planted, the positions for the plants having been carefully prepared, and few failures are recorded. Easterly winds in March brown the leaves, but with warmer, less treacherous days the long wand shoots rise up to give new life to the plant. Few things grow more quickly than the bamboo.

In a garden so artistically designed as this, hardy flowers naturally find a proper place. A large mixed border is one of the flower pictures we may find here, a border that gives colour from early spring days until winter approaches. Lilies, starworts, phloxes, larkspurs, Canterbury bells, and a hundred other flowers greet the seasons as they pass rapidly on—a long procession without an ending. The year is girdled with blossom, if one chooses rightly the hardy plants that colour each month. Nothing is more old-fashioned and pleasurable than a mixed border of hardy perennials when a careful selection is made. Weedy kinds abound, but there are a hundred welcome forms to give beauty to the garden and fill the big bowls in the house.

Amongst the trees at Crookham House, a curious freak is a very large limb of an oak growing out of an ash tree, at a distance of about 2ft. from the ground. Two of the trees on the lawn are *Castanea chrysophylla*, the golden-leaved chestnut, a not too common kind.

We leave this garden with regret. It is simple in plan, but more pleasurable than many elaborately conceived schemes. Shrub and flower life are presented to us in their most charming aspect. Mr. Moreton has set an example that others may follow, and we hope he will never lose interest in the health-giving and artistic pastime of gardening, of which he has shown himself a master.



Photo. by F. Mason Good.

THE HOUSE AND LAWN.

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A BOOK OF THE DAY; The Pathos of Grinding Poverty.

"JEROME, a Poor Man"—such is the piteous title of the remarkable book which Mistress Mary E. Wilkins has given to the world through the hands of Messrs. Harper Brothers; and never since the days when I began to be able to appreciate the sadness of George Eliot's "Scenes from Clerical Life," or since the time when, walking hand in hand with Mr. Thackeray, I followed Philip Firmin in his weary struggle, has any book left upon me such an abiding feeling of the hopeless misery of things as the story of Jerome. In scene, in the delineation of character, racial and personal, in incident, "Jerome, a Poor Man" stands quite apart from the books which have been named; but its theme, which is neither more nor less than the weariness and the poignancy of the struggle against squalid poverty and against relentless circumstances, is the same. It leaves the reader in a state of melancholy depression, from which a happy ending, due to the triumph of courage over fate, and of love over pride, does not suffice to raise him. The contest has been so long, the little miseries have been so many and so wretched, ill fortune has dogged the whole community so persistently, that, by the time when destiny has been overcome, the iron of poverty has entered into the hero's soul, and one feels that all the happiness of his future days must be clouded by the memory of many sorrows.

Let me endeavour, with the open desire of persuading my readers to read the whole of these five hundred pages—for this is a long book and a thoughtful—

to indicate the outline and the quality of this mournful tale. We first encounter Jerome, a twelve year old boy, ill-fed and poorly clad, basking on the southern side of a great rock ledge, while the warmth of a New England sun in May thaws him after the starving winter, "and the blood in this little meagre human plant, chilled and torpid with the winter's frosts, stirred and flowed like that in any other." His warm rest is invaded by Lucia Merritt, the pretty and gentle child whom Squire Eben Merritt and her mother do their loving best to spoil, and she offers him gingerbread. Immediately, even at the fourth page, the keynote of the book is struck. Half starved, the son of a small farmer who, like nine-tenths of the village community of Upward Corners, is ground to the earth under the iron hand of the mortgagee, and of a crippled and soured, but high-spirited mother, Jerome Edwards is full of savage pride, and would die rather than accept food from the child "whose father had money and bought her everything she wanted, and whose mother rigged her up like a puppet, as he had heard his mother say." "Don't want your old gingerbread. Ain't hungry—have all I want at home," is his ungracious rejoinder, and, having given the child sassafras root of his own digging, he returns to his straitened home. A mere incident of childhood this, but it serves to show the kind of stuff of which the lad was made, and in a very few hours an imperious call is made upon his character. His father, supposed to have been engaged in drawing a load of wood for

Dr. Prescott, the hard-hearted mortgagee, does not appear at his home. The woman becomes anxious. Jerome is sent to look for his father. Halfway to the ten-acre woodlot he meets the "old white horse dragging his load faithfully and steadily towards home," but Abel Edwards is not driving or leading it. A pitiful scene follows. The lad hurries breathlessly to the wood. He calls his father's name over and over again; it is "indeed one of the primitive notes of Nature, the call of that most helpless human young for its parent and shield." But the calling is in vain, and the boy's fears take him to the Dead Hole pond, where he finds his father's hat, and concludes that, yielding at last to despair, Abel Edwards has taken his own life. Then the native pride of the boy asserts itself. Weighted with stones, the old hat, last trace of his father, is hurled into the middle of the bottomless pond. Jerome is determined that none save himself shall know the manner of his father's death. Many years afterwards Abel Edwards reappears, having, in fact, merely gone away in the hope of earning the mortgage money; but that makes no difference to the story.

For the world at Upward Corners Abel Edwards is dead, and the incidents immediately following upon his supposed death are painfully, almost grotesquely, affecting. When three weeks have gone by his wife, proud to the end, decides to hold a ceremonial funeral without a coffin, and without a corpse. The description of the group in the poor little house is full of sadness:—"Most of the women at poor Abel Edwards' funeral were worn and old before their prime, their mouths sunken, wearing old women's caps over their locks at thirty. Their decent best gowns showed that piteous conservation of poverty more painful almost than squalor. The men were bent and grey with the unseen, but no less tangible, burdens of life. Scarcely one there but bore, as poor Abel Edwards had borne, a mortgage among them. It was a strange thing that, although all of the customary mournful accessories of a funeral were wanting, although no black coffin with its silent occupant stood in their midst, and no hearse waited at their door, yet that mortgage of Abel Edwards—that burden, like poor Christian's, although not of sin, but misfortune, which had doubled him to the dust—seemed still to be present. The people had the thought of it ever in their minds. They looked at Ann Edwards and her children, and seemed to see in truth the mortgage bearing down upon them, like a very shadow of death. They looked across at Dr. Seth Prescott furtively, as if he might perchance read their thoughts, and wondered if he would foreclose. Doctor Prescott, in his broadcloth surcoat, with his black satin stock muffling richly his stately neck, sat in the room with the mourners, directly opposite the Edwards family; his wife was beside him."

Can a picture he conceived more grim, more vivid, more melancholy? Then, when the whole of the ghastly mummery is over, the poor woman breaks down, and Jerome hears her praying in "daring and pitiful voice" in the night season: "Why hast Thou taken away from me the husband of my youth? What have I done to deserve it? Haven't I borne patiently the yoke Thou laidst upon me before? Why didst Thou try so hard one already broken on the wheel of Thy wrath? Why didst Thou drive a good man to destruction? O Lord, give me back my husband, if Thou art the Lord! If Thou art indeed the Almighty, prove it unto me by working the miracle which I ask of Thee! Give me back Abel! give him back!" Truly the early days of widowhood are full of misery and despair. The next day the woman, who had always seemed harsh and commanding, is content to lean upon her boy for support, and he explains: "She aint anythin' but a woman, she has come to herself."

That desolate cry in the night has put the man's spirit into the boy. It is upon him, he feels, that the little family must rely. He it is who develops a scheme of childish simplicity for getting rid of the mortgage to the stern Doctor, and the very childishness of the device touches Squire Merritt so deeply when it is unfolded to him that, at great personal sacrifice, he comes to the rescue, like the big-bodied, open-handed, warm-hearted man that he is. But none the less the voyage of life is not all plain sailing for Jerome. Page after page recounts, with almost painful particularity, the tireless and indefatigable work of him, and his mother, and his sister Elmira. He weeds, digs potatoes, splits wood, hay-makes, collects herbs for the druggist; the women weave, close boots, and the like. Nothing can be better, in point of realism, though many things might easily be more joyous, than the scene in which jolly Squire Merritt, having come in with no other object than to forgive the half-year's interest to this struggling family, and to leave a brace of partridges, is received by Ann Edwards. "The truth was that she immediately conceived the idea that this great, fair-haired Squire, with his loud, sweet voice, and his loud, frank laugh and pleasant blue eyes concealed beneath a smooth exterior depths of guile. She exchanged, as it were, nods of bitter confidence with herself to the effect that Squire Merritt was trying to make her put off paying the interest money, and pretending to be very kind and obliging, in order that he might the sooner get his clutches on the whole property. All the horizon of this poor little feminine Ishmael seemed, to her bitter fancy, to be darkened with hands against her, and she sat on a constant watch-tower of suspicion." Then the old white yarn stocking is produced, and "from it jingled a shower of coin into a pitiful little heap on the table. 'There,' said Ann, pointing at it with little bony finger. The smallest coins of the realm went to make up the little pile, and the Lord only knew how she and her children had grubbed them together. Every penny there represented more than the sweat of the brow—the sweat of the heart." There is a characteristic and highly artistic touch, too, at the end of the scene, where the poor, proud, half-

starved woman accepts, because he had already given a brace of partridges to Lawyer Means, the gift that she had refused.

"Squire Eben did not dream that his gift to one who was not needy, had enabled him to give to one who was, by establishing a kind of equality among the recipients which had overcome her proud scruples."

I would fain write more of the people of Upward Corners and their trials, and of Jerome in his fight through life. I should like to show Jerome thrashing the storekeeper's hulking son for jeering him as he went to winter school in his father's old coat; to note Ozias Lamb's Socialistic outburst, and Jerome's infection by it; to follow the struggles of the family in making up the mortgage money, and redeeming the sterile farm from encumbrance; to follow his tireless efforts to win fortune out of the wilderness of poverty. For these, and a thousand infinitely human struggles besides, the reader must go to the book itself, which is, in effect, a most graphic and heart-breaking account of the environment of the New England farmer's life. But I must pass to and end with the loves of Lucina and Jerome. Poor Jerome "felt as he had when puzzling over the unknown quantity in an algebraical problem. It was not until he was sitting in meeting, looking forward at Lucina's fair profile, cut in clear curves like a lily, that the solution came to him. 'I'm what they call in love,' Jerome said to himself. He turned very pale and looked away from Lucina. He felt as if suddenly he had come to the brink of some dread abyss of nature." How the love progresses in spite of discouragement from Squire Merritt, in defiance of Jerome's proud reluctance to persuade, or even to permit, the girl to marry him in poverty, and maugre many reverses; how the girl waxes ill, and how Jerome, in pursuance of a foolish deed executed in his Socialistic days—all these things might well be told. And the climax is unique. Lucina's mother, seeing the girl pine, sends for Jerome and, upbraiding him with his pride, almost seems to question the honesty of his love. "'Honest!' he cries. 'O, my God! I love her so that I am nothing without her. I love her more than the whole world, more than my own life.' 'Then give up your pride for her, if you love her,' said Abigail, sharply." So Jerome's pride yields, and the curtain falls, and a book ends which, in spite of abundant faults of style and petty detail, continues to haunt the memory because it is absolutely true to life and full of sympathy.

LOOKER-ON.



Photo. by F. Ollo.

DAY DREAMS.

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New Forest Scenes.—I. Beeches of Mark Ash.

A FOREST, as the word was used by the Normans, did not necessarily mean a forest of trees, but a kind of "proclaimed district" in which the ordinary law of the land ceased to run, and was replaced by the "Law of the Forest." At the same time, it was to be well furnished "with great covers of vert for the beasts of the forest to rest and abide in." Hence all great trees were rigorously protected by the forest law; and where the soil suited them they grew into the finest natural woods in our old country. The size and character of trees depends partly on their age, but partly, too, on the character of the soil in which they grow. In the 90,000 acres still in the hands of the Crown, all kinds of soil are found in the New Forest, from the very worst, growing nothing but stunted heather and dwarf willow, to the fine clays and loams which bear the noblest trees in England. Many of the ancient woods were cut down forty years

ago, and new plantations grow on their site. But there are still remaining parts of the very finest and most ancient woods—as old as Elizabeth and Henry VIII. Most of these are beech woods, for the old oak was cut down when mature for the use of the navy. Hence the beech, which naturally loves the soil, is the ancient tree of the forest. There are a thousand gigantic beeches for one primeval oak. The very finest of these beech groves is that of Mark Ash, five miles from Lyndhurst, and abutting on Boldrewood. The way to it lies through a kind of ascending scale of beauty shown by this one particular species of tree, and on the way thither the mind is kept in a kind of excitement of wonder at the increasing size and beauty of the beeches, which first stud the heaths in single trees and groups, then gather into groves, and at last form an enormous "hall of a thousand columns" in the wood of Mark Ash itself. Each group

seems to surpass the last, and to mark the ultimate limits of grace and size, until something more elegant and more stately takes the pride of place. Their splendour dominates the mind, to the exclusion of all other subjects or thoughts. You become a connoisseur not only in their general beauty, but in the typical forms it assumes. Some are pollards—short trunked and many limbed; others rise in tall columns, with tier above tier of leaf around them; others sweep the ground with descending limbs; others rise high to heaven, and clothe their tops with domes and cascades of tender green leaf, through which the sunbeams shine. As the pilgrim to this forest sanctuary approaches the great wood where the beeches gather in greatest numbers and most gigantic size, he notes with delight the beauty not only of the enormous trees themselves, but of their setting and surroundings. Instead of springing from a tangle of briars, rank grass, bushes, and weeds, these "pillars of the wood" are set on exquisite lawns of the finest turf, made by the grazing of the cattle for centuries. These cattle are the natural gardeners of the forest, cropping short all ill weeds, grass, and rank herbage. But in this short turf thousands of primroses and violets, with moss and dwarf ferns, grow and gem the green.

The detail of minor beauty on the ground is as delightful as the grand scale of the trees themselves. Take, for example



Photo. Stuart.

THE BASE OF A BEECH COLUMN.

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THE BASE OF A BEECH COLUMN near the charcoal burners' hut, as seen one day in early summer. It is as thick as one of the Norman pillars in Durham Cathedral, and has seven projecting pilasters. In each of the niches at its base was a tiny natural garden. In one a violet bed, covered with purple



Photo. Stuart.

A FOREST TEMPLE.

Copyright.

blossoms, which touched the grey bark of the tree. In the next a briar rose. In the third three fronds of bracken fern uncurling. In the fourth a mossy bit of wood, and a pile of last year's beech nuts. In the fifth a young woodbine. In the sixth a wood sorrel. In the seventh and last four seedling hollies, a tiny rowan tree, and a seedling beech as high as a pencil. This is the "fairy garden" at the foot of the giant tree. What a playground for the fairies, or, better still, for the bright fancies of little children! What stories they would weave round their lilliput garden in the mighty wood, all planted and sown without hands



Photo. Stuart.

HERONS' BEECHES AT VINNEY RIDGE.

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The only evidence that man ever visits this enchanted grove is the sight of the most primitive dwelling of civilised man—a charcoal burners' hut, deserted in summer, but with the black ring of the "burning circle" made last winter marked on the green turf before it. The ring is surrounded by a thick fence of brushwood to keep off draughts from the slow fire, and prevent sparks from flying among the trees. The hut itself is a cone of oak poles, covered with huge slabs of turf, but with axe-hewn door-posts and lintel. This hut is an exact counterpart of that inhabited by the adder catcher on the border of Gritnam Wood, a view of which appeared in COUNTRY LIFE of November 13th.

This humble dwelling seems properly typical of the insignificance of man in relation to Nature in this part of our most ancient forest. On either side, rank behind rank, the gigantic beeches rise, each keeping its distance, so that no limb touches limb, but only the outermost leaves of the branches of one spring to meet the branches of the next. "It is a temple without walls, with a thousand pillars and a thousand gates; aisles innumerable, and arches multiplex; so lofty, so light, so ancient, and so fair that it seems the work, not of natural growth, but of some enchantment which has raised it in the forest, far from the home of man, unpeopled, untrampled, and alone."

In most parts of the forest where natural timber grows, the beech is the largest, as well as indigenous, tree. Mark Ash Wood is the grandest of these old beech woods; but those at Gritnam Wood, "Bank," and especially on Vinney Ridge, are nearly as beautiful. The HERONS' BEECHES AT VINNEY RIDGE, in which the herons nest, are of enormous height, some not less than 100ft.

C. J. CORNISH.

OUR JUNCTION.

OUR Junction is situated upon one of the branch lines of the Great Amalgamated Railway, and though we, residents in its neighbourhood, sometimes run it down a little in confidential chats among ourselves, we all, as in duty bound, stand up in defence of it—and the little peculiarities of its train services—to our fault-finding London friends. Londoners are too apt, when visiting their country acquaintances, to indulge in a spirit of carping criticism, to belittle all provincial arrangements, and especially to find fault with the local train and postal services, which are never quick enough nor frequent enough to suit the fancy of the town visitor. Also, most dwellers in the metropolis fall into the habit of considering London "the hub of the universe," and criticise all provincial train services with regard to their convenience for London visitors. Now it must be confessed that it is, travelling *via* Our Junction, impossible to catch any of the expresses to London without waiting a considerable time after alighting from our local Elmwood train; and London visitors grumble loudly when they find that if they leave Elmwood about 9 a.m. they spend ten minutes in the local train, reach Our Junction exactly five minutes after the up express has left that station, and then have to wait an hour for the next fast train to town. But if London travellers did not journey by the 9 a.m. they would have to wait till midday for another train from Elmwood, and then remain nearly two hours at Our Junction in order to catch the up 2.30.

"Why don't the company do things better, and run trains in *connection*, instead of this wretchedly inconvenient arrangement!" grumbles the Londoner.

But, in point of fact, this supposed inconvenience scarcely affects us Elmwoodians at all. Strange as it may seem, we are not at all possessed with a fervent desire to be constantly rushing up to London. But we do desire to have frequent and easy access to Pigborough, our county capital; and there is no fault to find in the train arrangements, which enable us, and our neighbours, to do this *via* Our Junction. If we start from Elmwood by the 9 a.m. train we may leave our town friends to pace discontentedly up and down the Junction platform for some fifty-five minutes, awaiting the arrival of the London express; but the travellers bound for Pigborough walk serenely over the bridge, and, after just sufficient delay to enable them to buy a newspaper and exchange greetings with rural acquaintances—Our Junction forms a pleasant rendezvous for its neighbourhood—up steams the Pigborough train. The return journey is accomplished with equal facility; and, indeed, if all the arrangements at Our Junction were as satisfactory as is the connection maintained between us and the places we most wish to visit, there would be little fault to find with our local train service—from an Elmwoodian point of view. We have, however, our own little private grievances regarding Our Junction, but of course we never talk about them to our London guests.

Admirable as is the connection maintained between us and Pigborough, it would certainly be more satisfactory if our local trains kept a little—even a *little*—to their professed times for arrival and departure. There is never any

danger of our being stranded hopelessly at Our Junction, for the Elmwood train always waits for the Pigborough one, and the Pigborough train politely returns the compliment; but the result of this obliging neighbourliness often makes the time of our arrival at our final destinations very uncertain, especially by the last trains. There have been times when returning late from Pigborough, and remembering how long the horse and trap had been waiting in the rain at Elmwood Station—my groom is a valuable servant, but subject to attacks of bronchitis—I have mentally echoed a good many of my London friends' abuse of "your wretched local train service." Certainly, at times, our local trains have a most peculiar way of lingering and loafing upon their brief journeys; and, though it is pleasant, if one chances to drive up very late to the local station with a heap of luggage, to know that the train will be kept back till we and our belongings are safely on board, and to feel confident that the Pigborough train will never start till the bus from the Angel has duly driven up, still, as I have remarked before, all this friendly consideration is apt to interfere with strict punctuality; and then those wretched London expresses, which the Great Amalgamated are always despatching along their main lines, are very much in the way of our quiet local traffic. If, purely out of kindly consideration for some late arrival at the station, the Pigborough train starts, as it mostly does, some seven or eight minutes after time, this trifling delay is sure to be increased by enforced halts at other stations, while signals are against us, or by ignominious shuntings into sidings to allow the London express to slap past.

Londoners who grumble about our local train service little know what trials we residents along the line put up with patiently. I have sometimes wondered if the directors of the Amalgamated, knowing the irritable and testy nature of the majority of town dwellers, and conscious of the little weaknesses of our local train service, purposely arranged to give such ample margin of time at Our Junction to catch the trains to London. The Elmwood trains must indeed be abnormally late if travellers by them fail to "connect" with the London expresses; while, if they are fairly punctual, fifty minutes is the briefest time that the London tourist has to wait. This wise precaution obviates any risk of wrathful London travellers missing the express, and then writing furious letters to the *Times* regarding the "serious inconvenience which the disgraceful unpunctuality" of the Great Amalgamated line has caused them. We meeker country folks may grumble a little among ourselves, but submit with a tolerably good grace. For one thing, the elder residents in this neighbourhood remember a far worse state of affairs at Our Junction. The Elmwood line was originally distinct and separate from the Great Amalgamated. It—the Elmwood line—had never been a successful undertaking, and the Elmwood Company was too poor to do anything well. Then the Great Amalgamated tried to buy up the Elmwood Railway cheaply, and we, the local shareholders, naturally stood out for better terms. There was war between us and our powerful neighbour. The Great Amalgamated, intentionally and deliberately, ran their trains to

inconvenience the Elmwood Company. Even the Pigborough journey was made practically impossible for us luckless Elmwoodians. As I was a rather considerable shareholder in that unfortunate Elmwood Railway Company, I would rather not dwell further on that painful period. We had to sell at last to the Great Amalgamated, and we had far better have accepted their *first* offers, bad as these were.

Still, if we lost our money, we at least gained a practicable train service when the Amalgamated took us over. One pet grievance of our London friends is the "unsheltered condition" of our stations; and it is certainly vexatious, if one's hands are full of parcels, to have to alight at open platforms in the snow or rain. But we old Elmwoodians can remember when Our Junction was in a far worse condition than it is at present. The Great Amalgamated knew what inconveniences we had submitted to when our local company owned this portion of the line; and, when they had put up a small shelter on each platform—formerly we only had one on the booking-office side—and opened a bookstall, and actually furnished a waiting-room, the Amalgamated directors apparently thought they had done more than enough for us. It would be convenient, no doubt, as our London critics often remark, if we had more than one porter to look after both platforms; but, at least, this porter has only his own work to do now, while, in the days of the Elmwood Company, the same functionary often had to officiate as ticket-collector and booking-clerk as well.

With all its little peculiarities and drawbacks, we local folks cherish a kindly feeling towards Our Junction. If we sometimes have to wait a little longer at it than we bargained for, we generally fall in with some acquaintance who is doing the like, and who, perhaps, as he lives as many miles west of Our Junction as we do east, we seldom meet save at this local rendezvous. Indeed, now the Great Amalgamated has given us an actual waiting-room, with a fire in the winter time, many of us find it convenient to hold business interviews at Our Junction, and thus save longer journeys across country. My wife engaged a dairymaid in Our Junction waiting-room only last week. Then we have the convenience of the railway bookstall there, and there has been some whisper regarding the possible opening of a refreshment-room, for the benefit of the London tourists, I suppose, though such visitants—save in the capacity of private guests—are very rare. One such visitor remarked—with the charming candour which characterises the speech of a near relative—that "Elmwood was such an out-of-the-way hole that the local train service was probably good enough for it." On being reminded that this despised local service led to Pigborough—Pigborough, our county capital, rich in historic associations, and, if little known now, important enough some centuries ago—the profane visitant remarked, with a laugh, "and Pigborough is another old Sleepy Hollow."

Nothing—not even the equator itself—is sacred to some people!

RUSTICUS.

The Largest Dairy Farm in the World.—I.



A COOLANGATTA HERD.

THE closing years of the nineteenth century will long be remembered for the great fall in prices which has so seriously affected the agricultural industry in every part of the United Kingdom. The main cause of this unfortunate

state of things is the opening up to agricultural processes of large areas of new lands in the United States, in Canada, in Argentina, and in the Australasian Colonies. This develop-

ment of virgin soils in far-off countries has been largely assisted, if not actually brought about, by the marvellous improvement in shipping facilities which has taken place during the last quarter of a century. Perhaps nothing has assisted more to bring under cultivation these extensive areas of new soils than the introduction of refrigeration into our mercantile fleet. So great is the progress made in the transit of perishable products by this means that last year over 130,500 tons of fresh mutton and 133,500 tons of fresh beef were imported into the United Kingdom. The quantities of home-killed mutton during the same period were 329,000 tons, and those of beef 729,000 tons.

By the use of cool chambers in ocean-going steamers articles even so delicate as grapes, peaches, apples, pears, are now regularly brought from California, South Africa, and Tasmania, while butter to the amount of 11,000 tons was brought last year by the same means from Australia and New Zealand. These various luxuries and necessities of life are carried in such excellent condition that they are found

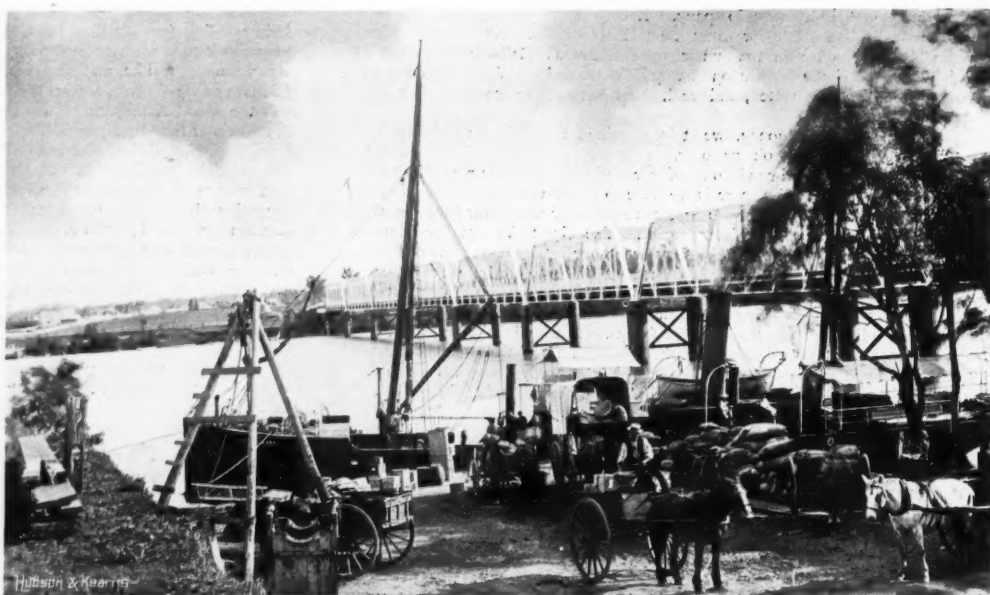


COOLANGATTA HOUSE.

upon the tables of the wealthy, and are admitted to be equal or even superior to the productions of our own country. The latest enterprise in this direction was the arrival, a short time back, of a consignment of tropical fruits, such as mangoes and mangosteens, from Queensland and Java.

The consequence of this great influx of necessities, and even luxuries, of life, from countries thousands of miles away, some of them on the other side of the world, though very beneficial and, in some instances, almost necessitous for our teeming population, has been most detrimental to the farming interest of the United Kingdom. The cheapness of production in virgin soil, the immense extent of such areas now under cultivation, combined with the low rate of freight, have produced such a severity of competition that the British farmer has not yet been able to meet it successfully. He possesses, however, such great advantages in the close proximity to home markets, in the superior productiveness of the soils of the United Kingdom, together with a very beneficent climate, that he will be enabled ultimately to extricate himself triumphantly out of what now appears to be an almost hopeless condition. His methods of production, his inferior mode of preparation for the market, and the means of transit of his produce to the consumer, have been, and are still, largely primitive. Economy of production, improvement in quality and preparation of his goods for the market, together with a better system of transit to the consumer, are absolutely essential to his success, and must occupy his attention far more seriously than they have hitherto done; and when these matters are better understood and brought into actual practice, then once more agriculture in the United Kingdom will flourish and land return to something approaching its value of twenty years ago.

A depression very similar to that now existing in farming came over the milling industry in this country some ten years since. Hungarian and American millers, by their improved methods of production, both in economy of manufacture and in increased superiority of their product, came very near to ousting the British miller out of his own market. He was quite unable to hold his own against the severity of foreign competition; but, with true British pluck, he was not going to allow his opponents to wipe him out, and though his difficulties were many, and his obstacles great, he boldly "faced the music," and abolished his old-fashioned machinery, his worn-out and unsuitable methods, and, taking a lesson from his rivals, laid out large sums in improved machinery, reformed all his procedure, and so accommodated himself to the new condition of things that



NOWRA BRIDGE, OVER SHOALHAVEN RIVER.

had grown up around him, that now he can make as good flour as any in the world, and can meet his once superior-rivals most successfully.

The transformation was long and tedious, and is not yet everywhere complete, but it is rapidly approaching that condition. Similarly the British farmer will be able to overcome his present difficulties, and once more enjoy his former prosperity. To do this, however, he must discard all the useless encumbrances of effete and unsuitable methods of production, and adopt the procedure and improvements of his competitors. It will always be impossible for the soil of the United Kingdom to grow sufficient food for the rapidly-increasing population, therefore those who follow an agricultural career must not expect to altogether supplant the foreigner in our home markets. What they must strive to do is to select those articles for production which will give the greatest profit, and having done this, they must study the cheapest methods of production, both in the economy of labour and in the increase of produce.

In no branch of agriculture is the adaptation to the new state of things more necessary than in that of dairy farming. During last year 152,000 tons of butter and 112,000 tons of cheese, of the total value of £20,000,000, were imported from our own colonies and from foreign countries. This is more than two and a-half times the value of all the wheat produced in the United Kingdom. That there is thus ample room for the farmer to exert himself and strain his energies to capture a share of this dairy produce trade is self-evident. In this attempt he will find it far more easy to displace the producers of this article who live in the crowded, highly-rented, and highly-taxed countries of Europe than he will those who reside in the thinly-populated, low-rented, and low-taxed virgin soils of our own colonies. As the United Kingdom will always have to depend upon external supplies for a large proportion of food, it will be much more consonant with the ties of kinship that people of our own flesh and blood should supply this food rather than that we should be dependent for it upon foreigners.

To give an illustration of the procedure, methods, and machinery that farmers and landowners in our own colonies are following and adopting for the production of dairy produce, and to make the British farmer acquainted with the progress that is being made there, and to bring before him the new conditions to which he must adapt himself, there cannot be a better example than that of the Berry Estate in New South Wales. A short history of the development of what is virtually the largest dairy farm in the world ought to be not only an interesting subject to farmers,



LAND IN PROCESS OF CLEARING.

but also a most valuable object lesson to those landlords at present suffering from the severity of agricultural depression.

Thirty years after Captain Cook visited Botany Bay, Mr. Alexander Berry, from Cupar, Fifeshire, and his partner, Mr. Edward Wollstonecraft, chartered a sailing vessel in London, and took out a cargo of goods to Sydney. The enterprise was so satisfactory that Mr. Berry returned to



THE ROAD FROM BERRY TO COOLANGATTA.

London to develop the business; and, chartering the Royal George, a ship of 500 tons burthen, and loading her with a valuable cargo, took out as passengers Sir Thomas Brisbane—who had recently been appointed Governor of New South Wales—and family, and from whom the capital of Queensland received its name.

In 1822 Mr. Berry and his partner took up 10,000 acres of

swamp, lagoon, jungle, and dense forest at the mouth of the Shoalhaven river, on the Illawarra coast, about 90 miles south of Sydney. Included in the area selected was Coolangatta Mountain, at the foot of which Coolangatta House was erected. Instead of paying cash for the land, they undertook to employ, feed, and take care of 100 convicts as assigned servants. The expense of feeding and clothing these 100 men cost from £1,500 to £2,000 a year. By judicious treatment and well-selected employment, this policy soon showed satisfactory results in the clearing of land, cutting of timber, and draining of the swamps. Large areas were soon rendered fit for cultivation, and settlement was effected. In addition to the 10,000 acres granted, about 60,000 were purchased, and so successful was the development that in seventeen years the population numbered 3,500. Mr. Berry ruled his domain with fatherly solicitude, and short leases, once granted, became a family inheritance, and men paid large sums to an outgoing tenant to secure the renewal of the lease. When rents could not be met, abatements were made, and often past debts were forgiven. Roads and bridges were constructed and schools built without any aid from the State. The tenants were a hard-working, contented class, and soon established local markets for their produce.

Mr. Berry, and his brothers who succeeded him, established and maintained a line of vessels to Sydney, thus opening a large market for the agricultural and dairy produce, which almost entirely occupied the attention of the settlers. Cedar wood and other timber early brought in a good revenue, and as far back as 1849 butter was exported to California and New Zealand. Applicants for farms who had no money to start with were provided with a house, land, oxen, implements, and seed, and the produce was equally divided between tenant and owner. By this means many settlers saved enough to acquire neighbouring farms, and a prosperous tenantry soon occupied the soil. Mr. David Berry, the last of the brothers, died a few years ago, bequeathing a very large sum of money to St. Andrews University, in Scotland, another large sum for the founding of a hospital in the Berry district, and another sum to the Presbyterian Church. The residue was left to his cousin, Dr. John Hay, the present proprietor.

Dr. Hay, with an enlightenment far exceeding that of most men, determined, at great cost, to still further develop his property, and, during the first three years of his ownership, laid out £135,000. This was mainly expended on enlarging and improving the drainage system, clearing the land, and erecting homesteads for the settlement of over 200 additional farmers. There are now 140 miles of drains, varying from 6ft. to 20ft. wide, and from 6ft. to 18ft. deep. Fully 20,000 acres of swamp have been reclaimed, and are now covered with most rich, luxuriant pastures, while over 500 farms occupy the already cultivated lands.

Public School Cricket.—VII. Malvern.

NO school of late years has made such a rapid and brilliant advance in athletics as Malvern. A few years ago it was more or less of an event for the school to have a "blue" at either 'Varsity. Now it has become an ordinary occurrence, and cricketers fit to take their part in any class of cricket are sent out from Malvern each season. We have only to mention the names of P. H. Latham, H. K. Foster, R. E. Foster, C. J. Burnup, and H. H. Marriott to show how strong a contingent of cricketers Malvern has sent lately to the 'Varsities; and this list of names does not include those of all the well-known athletes who have recently come from there.

As regards results, the season of 1897 can hardly be called satisfactory. The Eleven had only two wins to counterbalance five defeats; but although this seems an indifferent record, and one which stamps the Malvern boys as a weak side, they were, as a matter of fact, nearly as good a team as in the previous year. Excuses are, no doubt, poor substitutes for matches won, but if ever a team suffered from misfortune, it was the Malvern Eleven of this year. Anyone who has ever played on the college ground knows how perfect the wicket is, and how absolutely necessary it is for a side playing upon it to be strong in bowling. At the outset of the season bowling seemed likely to be the weak point of the Eleven, but in the first match Wyatt carried all before him, not only with the ball, but also with the



Photo. by N. May and Co.,

THE COLLEGE CRICKET GROUND.

Malvern.

bat, as he took six wickets for 24 runs, and made 124. It is true that the opposition was not of the strongest, but afterwards, on two occasions especially, the Malvern bowlers were helpless against batsmen of the same class. After the match Wyatt broke down through illness, and was lost to the side. The fact that it was the weakness of the bowling which subsequently caused Malvern to be defeated after the batting had been really good, shows how invaluable his services would have been. There can be no doubt, however, that without Wyatt the Eleven

were exceedingly strong in batting. Doubtless the boundaries at Malvern are rather easy; but even when this is taken into consideration, most of the totals made by the team were exceedingly good.

Against the M.C.C., whose bowlers included Geeson and Roche, the Eleven made two totals of over 200, but even then did not escape being beaten by an innings; and the Quidnuncs, who brought a powerful team, which included six "blues," defeated the Malvernians by nine wickets, although the latter again exceeded 200 in each innings. On another occasion, playing Worcestershire Club and Ground, the Eleven made over 200 against the bowling of E. G. Bromley-Martin, Arnold, and Milward, and then had the mortification of seeing the runs knocked off in an hour and a-half. All these matches go to show strong batting and weak bowling; but, at the same time, it must be admitted that the wickets were nearly always quite perfect, and that C. A. Rathbone and W. Stopher, who bore the brunt of the bowling, had no one to give them much assistance. Each of these bowlers took thirty-five wickets at a cost of 23 runs per wicket; Rathbone being slow with a big leg break, and Stopher fast, and each of them having the habit of getting short when they are hit. Of the batting of the Eleven, it is a pleasure to speak, and S. H. Day, who captained the team, was probably the best school batsman of the year. His average for the school Eleven was 47, and as he will again be captain next summer, he may be expected to do even more brilliantly then. Apthorpe had an average of 40, and was also a very steady and plucky wicket-keeper. He has gone into residence at Queen's, Cambridge. No less than six other members of the team had averages of over 20. W. N. White is a good, though somewhat unlucky, batsman, and his brother, B. A. White, plays very sound cricket, and can be depended upon at critical moments. B. L. Williams, M. W. Graham, G. B. Canny, and R. Corbett all played useful innings during the term, and more than once came to the rescue when better batsmen than they were had failed.

As regards fielding, Corbett must be mentioned as the best "field" on the side. On his day he was quite brilliant, and is always a very safe catch. Of the others, Trevelyan and Williams were, perhaps, the best. On the whole the fielding was safe, but somewhat lacking in dash.

Repton were once more badly beaten by Malvern, and in this match both Rathbone and Stopher were seen to advantage

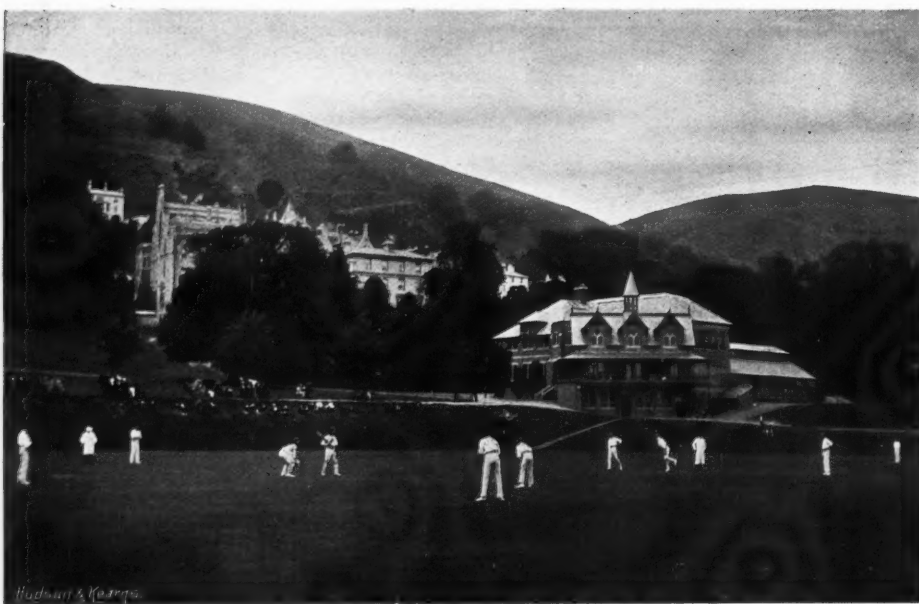


Photo. by N. May and Co.,

THE PAVILION.

Malvern.

with the ball, the former taking seven and the latter eight wickets. Day played an excellent innings of 73 for the winners. Illness prevented a match being played with Uppingham after the fixture had been made; and as a really good struggle would probably have been the result if these schools had met, the abandonment of the game was a great disappointment. Some of Day's best performances with the bat during the season were 91 against Corpus, Oxford, 117 against the Old Malvernians, his innings against Repton, and 115 against the M.C.C. During August, playing for Kent, he made a century against Gloucestershire, in the second innings of his first appearance in first-class cricket—a really magnificent performance.

The prospects for next season are exceedingly bright. Day will be captain, and as Wyatt and Rathbone will be back, it seems that the bowling will be stronger than usual. Neither B. A. White nor Canny are yet seventeen, so they will be available again, and Trevelyan, who should develop into a good all-round player, may be back for next summer. A fast bowler and a wicket-keeper will have to be found, but these wants will probably be well supplied.

It is satisfactory to be able to say that there are many promising youngsters coming on at Malvern, and that this will probably be always the case whilst Willoughby, the college professional, continues to devote himself so thoroughly and ably to the good of the cricket of the school.

C. T. S.

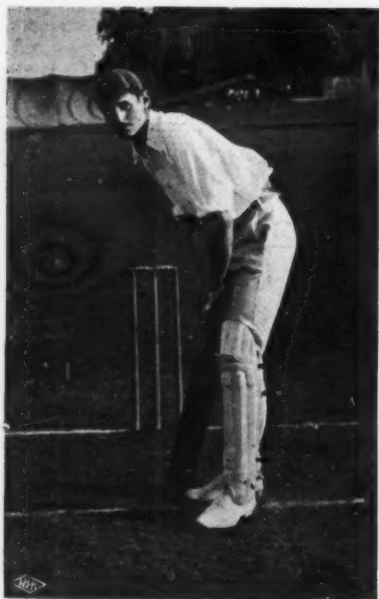


Photo. N. May and Co.,

Mr. S. H. DAY.

Malvern.



Photo. N. May and Co.,

Mr. M. G. APTHORPE.

Malvern.

GREAT STORMS.

IT is bad enough, in the great gales, even for man, with a strong roof over his head, for it is seldom that the biggest gales are strong enough in temperate climates to take that off; but the discomfort that man suffers in the disastrous levelling of coverts and fine forest trees, and the blockading for a while of his carriage-ways and footways, can be but as a mere nothing in comparison to the discomfort and danger that the animals undergo, especially the creatures who "roost in the branches." It is impossible for the imagination to conceive a scene of more chaotic horror than that in which the tree-roosting birds must find themselves when such gales as we have lately suffered are raging through their homes—howling wind, crashing of great

trunks and branches and snapping of innumerable small ones, and the death cries of those of their own kind whom the wind has forced helplessly against some fatal stumbling-block, or wedged between branches blown violently together. After the great storms, among the ruins of the trees, the keepers and woodmen pick up numbers of dead birds—rooks, starlings, wood pigeons—any kind that has its roosting-place among the trees, and even others who sleep in lowlier beds, but on whom the big trees have fallen so as to crush them. The mice and rabbits and all that inhabit holes where the wind cannot catch them are to be envied. They may listen in safety to the howling and rending and crashing and the tortured cries overhead.

The heaviest moments of great storm seems generally to come at night, when the day-flying things cannot see to seek shelter from it; but even when it falls on them by day their fate is not a great deal better, for they dare not trust themselves on the wing in the face of it, and can only cower under the swaying foliage and groaning branches, and hope to ride it out. Then, when the storm is over, man, as in the accompanying illustrations, endeavours to right the wreck as far as he can, clearing his highways and byways. But the birds have not the ability to restore their shattered homes; they must seek new ones elsewhere. And this impulse to seek new homes after destruction of the old is no doubt one of those influences in the spread of avine life on which Mr. Dixon depends for his theory of bird distribution throughout the globe. Most notably were its effects apparent in the increased range of the capercaillie in Scotland after the great gale that so ravaged the fir woods of the East Coast some four years ago. Great birds like these, and big birds that are so strictly confined in their area of range, cannot change their habitat without being observed; but what they are observed to do is no doubt done by hosts of the smaller and commoner birds without anyone being a penny the wiser.

It was a melancholy thing, and an unbelievable thing, had it not "jumped to the eyes," to see the devastation wrought in the East of Scotland by the historical gale of November, 1892. Whole woods, or what had been woods, were levelled; the trees, as trees, had absolutely ceased to exist, were lying pell-mell on and across each other, each having torn by the roots a great mass of the thin soil. They lay like a field of barley beaten by the wind and thunder rain. The night was most weird, suggesting that some race of Titans had been playing a game of spelicans over many acres.

This was the wholesale fashion of the gale's dealing. Again, it had another mode of dealing by retail and detail, the aspect of the woods looking as if the hurricane had been inspired by some strange caprice, with a special spite against this or that particular tree.

Often a single tree would have been left inexplicably standing, while all around its fellows were levelled, looking like the survivor of a battle surveying a field of corpses. generally it was the outside tree of a plantation that was thus left in its lonely strength—the very tree that one would have deemed, from its isolated and unsheltered position, the most easy prey to the storm's fury. But the explanation no doubt is that these solitary trees have room for spreading their roots over a larger area than those that are confined by their neighbours, and so make for themselves a stronger foothold by which they may withstand the world's rough buffets. Sometimes, again, the storm would have left a track, like the path of a column through a field of corn. An avenue would be levelled through the wood, and on either side the trees would have been left standing. Here, evidently, from the manner and various directions in which the trees lay,

the storm column had gone whirlwind fashion, with circular motion as it advanced. All trunks were not lying the same way, as if felled by the same impulse, but pointing in all directions, a methodless pile. Even, here and there, there was testimony that the hurricane had known moments of mildness, a comparatively old and feeble clump standing scatheless, while all around were more vigorous growths reduced to ruins. In a word, there was no limit to the evidences both of the power and the capriciousness of the storm.

Such great storms as this occur, perhaps, once in two decades. Storms we have in plenty, but not of quite the same calibre. Were they but a little more frequent scarcely a fir tree would remain standing on the island except in the sheltered places. For it is the fir trees, growing on a thin soil that will not give nourishment to the roots of any other forest tree, that are most easily overthrown and suffer the most grievous ruin. Even now that it is many years since the great storm spoken of, acres and acres and miles and miles of Scotch firs are still lying as the wind laid them. Sawpits have been set up in the ruined woods, and their engines have been playing daily, yet even now they have not "overtaken," as the Scotch say, the damage—not done their cutting and shaping work on all the raw material that the wind has laid ready to their hands. The destruction of value



NO THOROUGHFARE.

and beauty in property that such a storm effects is incalculable, and cannot repair itself in the course of a generation of humanity. Never, in our lifetime, will some of the woods be the joy to the eye that they were before the hurricane. Financially, the timber scarcely pays for its sawing and removal, for the market is glutted with timber. It needs much labour in the first instance to clear the highway through the ruined forest of the great trunks and tangled branches laid across it. The morrow of a great storm is a sad reckoning of the cost.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE reading public will not be altogether sorry to learn that the arrangement which the publishers, the booksellers, and the authors, and the persons who call themselves authors, have been attempting to make for their mutual benefit has quite broken down. No doubt the object of the promoters of the movement was highly laudable, for the small bookseller, who has often been a central source of "sweetness and light" in country towns, is in something worse than danger of disappearing. But the question whether he could be kept in existence by artificial means, once raised, was found to present great complication. Authors, the inheritors of the heavenly fire, were involved in the problem; the interests of august publishers had to be considered; booksellers, small and great, had to be taken into account; but nobody so much as dreamed of concerning himself with the book-buying public. The subject was sublime; the discussion of it was marked by the same sordid features which surround a bargain for coal or rags and bones. Stripped of all pretentious fringe, the proposal was one for the formation of a commonplace trade-ring for the purpose of squeezing a higher price for books out of the public than is now paid. In order that the small bookseller might make some profit, the large

bookseller was to be compelled to bind himself not to sell save at a price which would greatly swell his already considerable profits. Experience has shown over and over again that arrangements of this kind always break down from within unless they are broken down from without; and the Authors' Society showed a good deal of verbose common-sense in the circular which was the death warrant of the scheme.

Literature is growing intolerable in its supercilious pedantry and its poverty of ideas. In the current number, for example, "A," who may be the Duke of Argyll, or Augustine Birrell the inaccurate, or "Anybody," discourses up on the use of the superlative by reviewers, and the leading article deals with the same topic. When a literary journal contents itself with two essays, it is tiresome to find that both have the same subject. Moreover, there is not much substance in the topic. True it is, no doubt, that some men who call themselves critics use terms of feverish praise of books which take their fancy, but the reader can discount those terms readily. The critic needs not always to be on high stilts, and he is far more prone to lose his powers of appreciation than to become unduly appreciative.

The best critic is he who discovers that the ugly duckling is going to turn out a swan, that the author with something strange and novel in his manner is destined to be great. Take the experience of Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins as an illustration, and it soon becomes plain that appreciation is not prevalent to excess. It is given with but partial accuracy in a contemporary, which points out truly enough that he had to take, personally, the risk of publishing "A Man of Mark"; that "Father Stafford" was rejected many times before Messrs. Cassell brought it out without reward; that "Mr. Witt's Widow" and "Change of Air" were by no means welcomed, and that fame was won finally only when "Zenda" appeared. As a matter of fact, Mr. Hawkins owes his position to two newspapers and one speech by a keen and popular critic. At a great publishers' dinner Mr. Andrew Lang spoke highly of "Zenda," and the report of his words went to the whole world. But before that Mr. Sidney Low had accepted many light articles and sketches from him, and the controlling authorities of the *Westminster Gazette*, Mr. E. T. Cook and Mr. Alfred Spender, had recognised the brilliant fancy and delicate playfulness of "The Dolly Dialogues," and Sir George Newnes, through them, had given to Mr. Hawkins his real launch upon the wide waters of literature.

There is a story, by the way, connected with "The Dolly Dialogues" which I have never seen in print, pleasant as it is. No sooner did "Dolly" make her curtsy in public, than the editor of the *Westminster* saw that he had secured a pearl of price. That winsome, witty, capricious, and dainty lady took the town by storm; but the MS. was as irregular in its coming as "Dolly" herself was uncertain in her caprices. One can imagine that even an Anthony Hope must be in the mood and feel the spirit move him before he could sit down to continue the creation of Dolly. Now Mr. Spender and Mr. Hawkins had been contemporaries and close friends at Balliol, and it fell out that, many and many a time, it became necessary for the eager assistant editor of the *Westminster* to go to Mr. Hawkins's pleasant chambers in the old-world Adelphi before he could secure the rolls of blue lawyer's paper, closely covered with thick schoolboy-like characters, in which the precious fancies were enshrined. Mr. Hawkins's "copy," beginning close to the left-hand edge of the paper, but gradually shrinking to the right so that there was a wide margin of about two inches at the bottom of the page, always seemed to have been written painfully and laboriously. But, though many great writers are terrible in their handwritings, very few of them, "Gyp" excepted, write a big, reckless, flowing hand. Sir Walter Besant, by the way, writes in beautifully delicate form; but my gossip is taking me away from serious things.

Who is to write the official biography of the Prince of Wales? Not Mr. H. D. Traill, that is fairly certain. Not, I very much fear, the war-worn veteran, "Billy" Russell; but Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, who has considerable distinction in the world of letters. Sir Donald has been often in Royal company of late, and he has the reputation of being a remarkably cautious and discreet man. He is an able, but hardly a brilliant, writer.

Fitzgerald's noble version of the Rubaiyat is such a complete and perfect poem, that Mr. Le Gallienne's petty effort has not seemed worthy of notice in these columns. For beauty of melody, phrase, and feeling Fitzgerald is not to be surpassed, and Mr. Le Gallienne's verses, based upon a collation of many "cribs," are, in spite of some pretty passages, in the nature of an impertinence. For accuracy we must look forward to the "complete and adequate translation" by Mr. John Payne, which is to be brought out in metrical form—there is a fine humility about that word metrical—by the Villon Society. An Oriental scholar, with a sweet touch of poetry in his nature, who would accomplish the task admirably, indeed, has done most of it at various times, is Sir F. J. Goldsmid, who has worked hard to popularise Hafiz.

That word metrical recalls many memories. Is the metrical method in use among educationalists now? I was nurtured on Howlett's metrical chronology, in which dates were impressed on the youthful mind by such lines as this: "To a point was called Abram, then Isaac increased." That ought to give the date of the call of the patriarch, and of the birth of Isaac; but, of course, in thirty years I have forgotten the meaningless rules which were the foundation of the system, and nothing remains in my memory except the senseless jingle.

Mr. Wilfrid Ward's biography of Cardinal Wiseman is the great book of the week; and it will no doubt be full of interest, for Wiseman was a great figure in a stirring generation. But I fear the book will lose in point of interest from Mr. Ward's sense of official responsibility. Now Mr. Purcell, as his life of Cardinal Manning showed to demonstration, was never afraid to be indiscreet, and for that reason his "Life" was an immense success.

"Cras scribet qui nunquam scripsit

Quique scripsit cras scribet,"

a couplet which might be turned," says the *Saturday Review*—

"Let those write now who never wrote before,
And those who always wrote now write the more."

Let me quote again, this time from the immortal work of Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh: "The school is hushed. Lawrence, the Prefect and custos of the rods, is marching after the Doctor into the operating room. Master Harris is about to follow. . . . The rod is heard from the adjoining apart." In truth this is a crass rendering indeed, for there is a striking difference, which Master Harris must be made to feel, between the future tense in the indicative, and the present tense in the subjunctive.

Expect with eagerness "Millions of Bubbles" from Messrs. Service and Paton, for it is the work of Miss Gertrude Atherton, whose "Patience Sparhawk" was, and is, delightful; but, beyond that, expect little of remarkable interest, either in fiction or in more serious literature, until Christmas is over. Two promising books only do I see announced. They are "The Gordon Highlanders," by James Milne (McQueen), which is certainly timely, and "The Marchioness against the County," by E. H. Cooper (Chapman and Hall). A useful little booklet has been extracted from the "Encyclopedia of Sport," by binding together the contributions on football made to that useful work by Messrs. Budd, C. B. Fry, Robinson, and Cook. "Tournament Polo," by Captain G. J. Younghusband (Allahabad—Pioneer Press), is both practical and humorous; but I seem to have an advantage of others in possessing a copy, for it is a far cry to Allahabad.

Books to order from the library:—

"B. I. Barnato." H. Raymond. (Isbister.)

"The Old Rome and the New." W. J. Stillman. (Grant Richards.)

"The Authoress of the Odyssey." Samuel Butler. (Longmans.)

"Boxing." R. G. Allanson-Winn. (Innes.)

"Father and Son." Arthur Paterson. (Harper.)

"The Gordon Highlanders." J. Milne. (McQueen.)

"Nigger of the Narcissus." Joseph Conrad. (Heinemann.)

LOOKER-ON.

OUR PORTRAIT ILLUSTRATION.

THE HON. MRS. HENNIKER, whose portrait appears on the frontispiece, is a daughter of the late Lord Houghton, so well known to his generation as Sir Richard Monckton Milnes, author, poet, biographer, politician, and theologian. Mrs. Henniker inherits much of her father's talent, and wields her pen with skill and taste. Her husband is major in the 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards, and is the third son of the fourth Lord Henniker. Mrs. Henniker has great charm of manner, and a low, soft voice.

THE NATIONAL CYCLE SHOW.

VERY brilliant affair is the sixth National Show of Cycles, which now appropriates the entire floor space of the nave and central transepts at the Crystal Palace. Some idea of its dimensions may be gathered from the statement that there are over 400 exhibitors, while 2,300 cycles are on view, and no less than 700 machines had to be rejected for lack of room. The leading firms of Coventry and Wolverhampton are represented in great force, and the average of merit is very high. Stand after stand may be passed which offer no single opportunity for aught but praise for the exhibits, and though the numerous well-known machines on view are up to their wonted standard of super-excellence, even the smaller firms make highly creditable displays; and the spectator who is unversed in the mysteries of cycle mechanism has little to guide him as to the quality of the machines, and draws his inferences from the signs and other incidental embellishments.

Of novelties of design there are practically none so far as the general exhibits are concerned, the leading houses confining themselves, with scarcely an exception, to strictly conventional patterns. The most noteworthy exception, where firms of importance are concerned, is the chainless safety of the Quadrant Company, which dispenses with the system of bevel-gearing in favour of an arrangement of cross rollers, through which the power is applied by a direct "lift," instead of the mechanically faulty method of the bevelled cogs. The cross-roller machine may secure some converts to the anti-chain idea, in that it is an improvement on all previous attempts; but the chain is safe for long enough to come, notwithstanding.

The Pedersen frame is shown at several stands, on identical lines to the pattern at the Stanley Show; but the Cycle Supply Association have a different pattern of cantilever frame altogether, which is much more taking in appearance, and far less suggestive of sudden collapse. It is fitted, moreover, with an ordinary saddle, properly supported on the customary bracket.

On the stand of the well-known Rover Company is shown a new variety of low framed safety, the "lady's cob," built with a low crank bracket, and short cranks for the benefit of nervous riders. The cob variety of cycle is further shown among the excellent Premier models, and also on the Singer stand, while all the three firms named have "polo bicycles" as well.

To ladies, the most interesting exhibit in the show should be the tri-nulated frame—Brown's patent—which has been adopted by the Centaur Company and Messrs. Cogswell and Harrison respectively. This design, undoubtedly, presents the maximum of rigidity and efficiency where ladies' machines are concerned, and also more dress room than any other rigid frame, as the upper main tube proceeds directly to the bottom bracket, instead of to a point on the diagonal, while the lower main tube is carried below the bracket, and there joined to stays which lead to the rear hub. This rigid under frame, and the duplex stays, combine to form a frame of extreme rigidity and strength, without additional weight; and over greasy roads, or in a head wind, or uphill, the advantages of such a machine are paramount.

NOTES FROM THE KENNEL.

THE balance-sheet of the South of England Airedale Terrier Club, presented at the first annual meeting, held in London the other evening, proved a most satisfactory document. The object for which the club was formed has certainly been attained, and no similar combination has done more in twelve months for the particular variety patronised. At present there are some 130 members, and during the year just past no less than twenty shows have been granted money specials for Airedales. The club patronage has not been confined to the South, for Darlington, Otley, Liverpool, Llangollen, Birkenhead, and Manchester were all liberally supported by the club. Specialist bodies are at present far too numerous, but here is an instance of a club serving no clique, for during the first year of its existence over £50 has been given in prize money at shows all over the kingdom. It is worthy of note that £111.5s. won by the honorary secretary, Mr. Holland Buckley, and his partner, Mr. E. Mills, has been returned to the club as a donation. Airedales were never more popular than at present.

The New Year is likely to be a memorable one in show annals, for, in addition to the new shows already announced in COUNTRY LIFE, other canine societies have been formed for the promotion of exhibitions of dogs. One of these is the Sidcup and District Canine Society, and as the Crays and Chislehurst are included in the district radius, there is not much doubt that a strong society will be formed. In the late summer a show on a small scale was held at Eltham in connection with a fête for the benefit of the building fund of a local church. Quite a novel idea, it must be admitted. The entry, however, was so good—over thirty dogs being brought into the ring in one of the classes—that it was unanimously decided to form a canine society and hold an annual show. Good support has been forthcoming, and it is quite on the cards that early in 1898 an up-to-date fixture will be added to those already held in the pleasant county of Kent. The mammoth affair at Boscombe last summer proved a failure, over £1,000 being lost. It has, however, been decided to hold another carnival in the second week in August.

Arrangement for the big New York Show, to be held, as usual, in the Madison Gardens in February, are now approaching completion, but as yet no English judges have been appointed. Messrs. L. P. C. Astley and George Raper were the selected ones last February, and it is generally understood that the latter gentleman will again cross the Atlantic to judge the sporting breeds. At least, this was the intention of the master of Wincobank a month or two ago. With the Americans Mr. Raper is deservedly popular, and it would, indeed, be difficult to find a more capable all-round judge. Should he again

decide to go it will be the third year in succession that the Sheffield breeder has accepted the invitation of the New York executive. Mr. Vero Shaw, who is at present in the States and will visit the Brooklyn Show, cannot stay there until February, or an invitation would certainly be given him to prolong his visit. American buyers have been over here for months on the look-out for likely animals, and it is not at all improbable that at least one English team will be sent over in charge of a careful handler. There is now a big boom in the States in Bulldogs, and English entries may be expected in this section.

BIRKDALE.

Country Life

ILLUSTRATED.

THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
The Hon. Mrs. Henniker	641
A Pleasant Corner; Crookham House, Winchfield	642
A Star-Shaped Flower Bed	642
The House and Lawn	643
Day Dreams	644
The Base of a Beech Column; New Forest Scenes.—I. Beeches of Mark Ash	645
A Forest Temple	645
Heron's Beeches at Vinney Ridge	646
A Coolangatta Herd; The Largest Dairy Farm in the World.—I	647
Coolangatta House	647
Nowra Bridge, over Shoalhaven River	648
Land in Process of Clearing	648
The Road from Berry to Coolangatta	649
The College Cricket Ground; Public School Cricket.—VII. Malvern	649
The Pavilion	650
Mr. S. H. Day	650
Mr. M. G. Aphorpe	650
No Thoroughfare; Great Storms	651
The Garden Front; Country Homes: Albury Park	656
The Old Church	657
The Entrance to the Gardens	658
The Kennels; Some of the Dogs at Woburn Abbey	658
"Old Fan"	659
Two Broods of Puppies	659
Miss Florence St. John; Town Topics	660
Miss Winifred Emery as Babbie	661
Miss Florence Perry	662
"Any Apples To-day?"	663
The Caulfield Cup; The Grand Stand; Racing in Australia	664
Weighting-In for the Caulfield Cup	665
The First Time Round	665
The Finish; Amberite Wins	665
Amberite	666
Close to the Moorland; On the Fringe of the Moorland	666
The Pack; The Hertfordshire Foxhounds	667
The Meet	668
Reckless; An Albanian Wolfhound	669
Mark Howcutt; Long Service	670

LITERARY.

Crookham House, Winchfield	642
A Book of the Day; The Pathos of Grinding Poverty	643
New Forest Scenes.—I. Beeches of Mark Ash	644
Our Junction	646
The Largest Dairy Farm in the World.—I.	647
Public School Cricket.—VII. Malvern	649
Great Storms	650
Literary Notes	651
Our Portrait Illustration	652
The National Cycle Show	652
Notes from the Kennel	652
Country Notes	653
On the Green	655
Country Homes: Albury Park; by John Leyland	656
Some of the Dogs at Woburn Abbey	658
The National Dog Show at Birmingham	659
"The Grand Duchess"; Town Topics	660
Dramatic Notes	662
Cycling Notes	662
What Farmers Have Done for Hunting	663
Between the Flags	664
Stud Notes	664
Racing in Australia	665
On the Fringe of the Moorland	666
A Brush for a Wife	667
The Hertfordshire Foxhounds	669
An Albanian Wolfhound	669
Fighting for the Flags	669
Long Service	670
Correspondence	670
In the Garden	672

COUNTRY NOTES.

LAST week's weather record was a tale of death and disaster. The sudden drop of over an inch in the barometer on the Sunday was accompanied by one of the most violent storms experienced for many years, and all over the country much life has been lost and much damage has been done. Kent, Essex, and other counties on the eastern seaboard suffered most severely, and many of the coast watering-places seem to have been practically ruined. In the estuary of the Thames it is impossible to estimate the full extent of the loss, as the cyclonic disturbance was coincident with an exceptionally high tide, and many thousands of acres of the low-lying land were inundated. The sea walls which protect these marshes were swept away, and buildings, railway embankments, indeed, everything that came in the way of the resistless flood, suffered destruction. In one case, Little England, a small island of some 800 acres, near Shoeburyness, on which was one farm, was swept clean of every living thing, the owner, wife, children, and servants all being drowned, the island remaining for some time covered from end to end with sea water. The storm abated, only to return with little less violence two days afterwards.

Perhaps the most pathetic, and certainly the most dramatic, incident of the late storm is the disaster which befel the Margate surfboat Friend of all Nations. To call such a craft a "life" boat is only a cruel irony, but there could be no stronger testimony to the fearlessness of the Kentish boatmen than the fact that when life was in peril, without a second thought, they launched this obsolete old tub into a sea in which nothing but a properly-designed and stoutly-constructed lifeboat could live. The public have been too apt to take for granted the services rendered year by year all round the coasts by the lifeboat crews. The dangers they encounter have not been recognised or appreciated. Now there is a rude awakening, and though it is not possible to call back the lost lives, it is possible to soften the lot of those left behind who were dependent on them.

The Trans-Siberian Railway will open a new and absolutely untried field for big game shooting to European sportsmen. Untried by native hunters it is not; for the half savage natives of Manchuria have for generations hunted the fine native deer for the sake of their horns in the velvet. These are sold as a commodity called "gin-seng" to the Chinese, who esteem it a sovereign remedy for physical decay. But besides the Manchurian mountains there is the Amoor Valley, which will be traversed by the new line from Vladivostock, and the valleys of the Sungari and Usuri Rivers. These are not only famous for wild-fowl and pheasants, but as the home of the splendid northern tiger. Judging by the number of skins of these so-called "Siberian tigers" which find their way to this country, they must be very plentiful. A correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle*, who has just completed a journey across Siberia, says that in the Amoor Valley in winter they are very destructive to the flocks, and also kill the natives. These tigers have a magnificent deep, long, and thick coat of dark colour; they are in perfectly splendid condition in snowy weather, and grow to a great size. No finer trophy for the big game hunter could be imagined than the Siberian tiger's skin.

While on this subject, the question may be asked why no European sportsman ever tries to emulate Nimrod by killing the lions still found in a part of the ancient dominions of that prototype of big game hunters. It is customary to hear that the Asiatic lion is almost extinct. So it is in India; but it was, until a recent period, exceedingly common much nearer to Europe. Readers of Sir Henry Layard's early travels in Persia will remember his sojourn with the Bactiari Highland chiefs in Luristan, and the number and boldness of the lions. They haunted by choice the dense reed beds by the streams, and attacked both men and beasts. The Lur and Bactiari tribesmen maintained that all the black-maned lions were not only good Mussulmans, but *Shiahs*, to a lion. When confronted with one, they always mentioned that they were *Shiahs* too, and repeated the names of Hassan and Hosein. The other lions were Kafir and infidels. From these they expected no terms, and attacked them themselves with great boldness, often only with sword and long pistol.

In the very last days of the trout fishing, a correspondent sends us a spirited account of an encounter with a fish in a certain lake-like reservoir, the water supply of an important town, which, for reasons of his own, he wishes to keep nameless. "It was just growing dusk as I hooked the fish," he writes; "in fact, I had just put on a 'Coachman,' and about the third throw I made with him I struck a fish. Away went the fish, and I let the light line run out with him, then gradually reeled him in. My uncle came up at the moment, and the fish dashed off again. 'It is a good one,' I said to my uncle, 'a real good

one.' Again he let me reel him in a little, and again he headed away for the middle of the pool. 'It is getting too dark to see to land him,' said my uncle, and, as I still failed to get any mastery over the fish, he struck a match and lit the lantern we had with us. I gave the fish all I dared in the way of butt, and punishment; but he seemed wonderfully strong, and I was certain that I had a fish of 3lb. or so. Still I played him, though the stars came out and wondered at our lantern, and appeared to be enquiring what the mischief we were about. Occasionally the fish would condescend to come to the side, and my uncle, peering into the water, would grow active with the landing-net; but even before the net could be placed beneath him, he would be off again, as strong and fresh as ever. At last—I think even then it was more by good luck than special design—the fish came to the side of the reservoir yet again. Accustomed, seemingly, to the aspect of my uncle and his net, he allowed the former to glide the latter beneath him, and at length we had him. And what do you suppose he was, as we examined him by the light of the lantern?—a 3lb. trout? No, but one of scarcely half a pound, firmly, but foully hooked at the base of the dorsal fin. And a more ludicrously disappointed pair of fishermen than uncle and nephew at the bathos in which all had ended, you could not imagine. Not only were we cold and cross, but we were also late for dinner, and all because it appears that a fish hooked in the dorsal fin is practically beyond the angler's control."

It was only a week or two ago that the presence of seagulls in increasing numbers in London was commented on. Now an even more unusual visitant is reported. It appears that during the luncheon hour, in the full view of the crowd, one of the pigeons, of which there are such numbers, at the Royal Courts of Justice was pounced upon and carried away by a hawk. The Londoners' pigeons, though they are practically wild birds, in that they house themselves and get their living where and how they can, are at the same time the Londoners' pets, and that predatory hawk would have met with a very short shrift if any of the crowd who witnessed the incident could have laid hands on him. But, after all, the spot was a well chosen one for the onslaught, and may be truly said to "point a moral and adorn a tale"—and that not necessarily the pigeon's. It is not the first time that a hawk has been among the pigeons in the neighbourhood of the Law Courts.

The schedule of the Grand Commemoration Dog Show, to be held at Earl's Court, on the 15th, 16th, and 17th December, has been issued. There are no less than 870 classes, over which £6,000 is divided in prizes and specials. The novelty classes include those for the dogs of celebrities, dogs of war, dogs which have saved lives, dogs which collect for charities, and the pets of children under twelve years of age. The two last promise to be great features. Lady Colin Campbell has consented to judge the children's classes. The Commemoration medal is quite out of the common, being of white enamel or silver, upon which is the St. George's Cross of red, and on the left are the letters V.R.I., and on the right 1837. In the lower quarters are the A.E.P. and 1897, while on the centre, in silver, are the words, in raised lettering, "Jubilee Championship, won at the Grand Commemoration Dog Show, Earl's Court, December, 1897." In the centre of the medal is a medallion in relief of the Princess's head. It is anticipated that the entries of dogs will number over 3,000, and there is but little doubt that it will be the "biggest dog show ever held."

How are the mighty fallen! At Messrs. Sewell's (Dublin) sale last week, Caerlaverock, once a well-known performer, and at one period of his career absolutely first favourite for the Cambridgeshire, was put up, but failed to elicit a higher bid than 4½ guineas. At the same time and place, First Dragoon, a very useful old steeple-chaser, went up as high as 9 guineas. Against this reverse of fortune, however, must be put the winner of the Selling Handicap Steeplechase at Newmarket last week, Pollerton Boy. He was employed drawing an outside car in the County Carlow as a relaxation when not racing, so he has gone up a peg.

Woodcocks have not been much in evidence in the returns of any big shoots which have taken place in Ireland up to the present, but report says that during the past week large numbers of cocks have arrived on the south-west coast, notably in the County Cork. There is, perhaps, no better place for cock in the three kingdoms, than Lord Ardilaun's estate of Ashford, on the shores of Lough Corril, and some of the largest bags ever recorded were made there. In parts of the adjoining County of Mayo, these much-prized birds are very plentiful in some seasons. Woodcock breed to a much greater extent than is generally supposed in Ireland. In the County Fermanagh, on the estate of Sir Douglas Brooke, a couple of seasons ago, no less than thirteen woodcocks' nests were found in one wood. In the Queen's County, at Brockley Park, the seat of Mr. W.

Young, large numbers of woodcocks nest. Neither of these places hold many cock in the shooting season, and it is pretty certain that the home-bred birds leave us early in autumn.

Bangor, always a happy hunting ground for Irish coursers, was spoiled by the awful weather, and one of the oldest followers of the sport in the country declared at Newmarket later in the week that in the whole of his long experience he never got such a thorough soaking. Two overcoats and boots supposed to be watertight were soaked through; but, as a solatium, he won a bet of £50 to sixpence that the meeting was over before two o'clock on the second day. The big odds were just landed, the last course being run a few minutes before the time stated. The only feature of the meeting worth notice was the success of Sir Humphrey de Trafford with Barton Taunter in the Penrhyn Stakes.

The coincidence of flood from the clouds and flood from the spring tides, helped on by a powerful gale, has produced a terribly rich crop of disasters. The low-lying places on the sea coast seem to have suffered most severely, the district of the Isle of Thanet and all that low level of the Stour and Little Stour being flooded almost beyond recognition of its landmarks. The town of Sandwich became something in the nature of a Kentish Venice—its streets being turned into canals—without the gondolas. The golf links, lying slightly above and beyond the water-meadow levels, came off better than might have been hoped in the universal deluge. Perhaps the porous nature of its sandy soil helps it to rid itself of any waters that encroach on it. At Deal, however, golfers of the Cinque Ports Club had less reason to congratulate themselves. There the water is estimated, probably by a rough and ready process of conjecture rather than by plumbing line and measurement, to have stood six foot deep in places where there should be no water at all; so that to the normal perils of golf there would need to be added here a reasonable risk of drowning. A "Eureka" ball, or other that has floating qualities, should have met with a ready sale at the Cinque Ports Club. Off Deal the damage to small shipping was disastrous. Altogether this remarkable visitation, coming with the greater emphasis after so long a period of gentle weather, must have done something to remind the Cinque Ports generally of the circumstances under which they got their name. For from most of them the sea has retired so far that only by the names of hostels, as the "Blue Anchor" and the "Jolly Sailor," is one reminded that they were once genuine seaside towns with a maritime commerce and an importance in the then system of our coast defence.

A few weeks ago came to hand a letter from a correspondent remarking on the late stay of swallows this autumn, and mentioning that he had seen one so lately as one of the early days of November. No doubt it was unusually belated, but many signs of winter, besides the vanishing of our swallows, are belated this year. The instance recorded by our correspondent was not a solitary one, and we now have word of a house martin, not a swallow, being seen on the South Downs, near Eastbourne, as late as November 28th. There is very little chance of a mistake in the identity of birds of the swallow kind; they are all sufficiently unlike each other, and all sufficiently unlike all of other species. Moreover, there is a curious corroboration of the late stay of *hirundinidae* this year afforded by the record in the *Field* for December 4th of a house martin, not only seen, but actually killed and picked up in Kent. The Editor affixes a note mentioning other recorded instances of the late stay in this country of members of the swallow tribe, by which it appears that the latest known date at which a swallow has been seen is December 18th.

It is very generally understood that weak or crippled birds do not depart from the country till long after the bulk of their fellows have gone—perhaps do not leave it at all, shirking the hardships of the journey south, until lack of insect food and cold combine to kill them. Mr. Dixon, in his very interesting work on avine migration—lately published, and modifying some of his earlier and more conventional views—is by no means inclined to scout, as entirely outside the province of philosophical speculation, the theory that some members, both of this and other migratory species, will, on occasion, hibernate in some warm hole or corner—that is to say, pass the winter in a state of partially suspended animation, without going abroad, and come forth again in the spring as cheerily as if they had wintered up the Nile. But these cases, if true at all, he would regard as purely exceptional, and generally the result of some accident or illness in preventing the bird's flight.

About the fields, even while these notes are written, are the first harbingers of winter, so long delayed, yet surely, now, hard upon us. It is only now, in December, in this country, south of London, that we are receiving the visits of the first big

flocks of fieldfares, cackling overhead, and settling on all the red berried trees that they can spy. They are pretty sure forerunners of the hard weather that they have left behind, even though latterly it does not need to be a scientific ornithologist to have picked up the knowledge that it is less the climate than the food supply question that determines the wanderings of such birds as our migratory thrushes—and almost all the thrushes are more or less migratory. But the food supply for these birds is very dependent on the weather, so one goes not a great deal amiss in saying that their movements, too, depend on climate.

How birds get news of what the weather is like in far off places still remains a mystery. Mr. Abel Chapman tells us that the wild swans, visiting our Eastern Coasts in occasional snaps of severe cold, will be off again over the North Sea, as soon as ever the ice breaks up in the Cattegut, even though it be solid as ever on this side. But who told these swans what was going on over there? No one knows. The fieldfares have all the restlessness of born vagrants, settling awhile, then off again at the slightest interruption, and settling briefly again elsewhere. In the Eastern Counties one gets well acquainted with them, while waiting for the partridge drive. They are almost always the first birds that the beaters flush up over the guns, while yet they are fields away. Long before the first covey, or even the first straggling "Frenchman" comes over, the fieldfares come, with noisy clamour of protestation, overhead.

The comparative excellence of the two 'Varsities' Rugby teams shows little variation; Cambridge continue to score heavily, and Oxford not to be scored against. Oxford hold a record that looks a little better on paper, as they are so far without a single defeat, while Cambridge have fallen twice; but it must be remembered that Oxford do not meet the Welsh clubs, which alone have defeated Cambridge, till after the 'Varsity match, and that probably both Cardiff and Newport are now superior to any club fifteen either in England or Scotland. Also, Oxford have not yet succeeded even against weak teams in scoring a large number of points.

On the other hand, Cambridge have also played against some very indifferent teams, none, perhaps, much worse than that sent down by Coventry on Saturday last, though even against such a team, a total of forty-six points is a witness of exceptional skill in attack. It was feared that the absence of Bell, who broke his collar-bone in the Cardiff match, would damage the prospects of the side. But, in fact, considering the strength of the three-quarter line, Fasson is likely to prove even more useful. He is not a showy player, but is thoroughly unselfish, a quality most necessary in a half-back, and one which Bell sometimes, as for instance in last 'Varsity match, failed signally to display. The forwards are an improving body, and are immensely strengthened by Balfour's return. It is further hoped that Luxmoore's knee will be sufficiently recovered to enable him to play on the 15th. If so, these two forwards, with Campbell and Darley, will form a fine nucleus for a forward division.

The prospects of a well fought match on December 15th, are made more probable than ever by the performance of Cambridge against Dublin University, whom they defeated on Monday by exactly the same margin as had Oxford on the previous Saturday. The details of the match were also singularly similar in other respects. At the conclusion, the representative team was finally selected. Bennet has earned his place at three-quarters in spite of his size by extremely plucky play throughout, and Fasson on last Monday's form, should be at least as useful as Bell at half. A comparative line in Association was also afforded by Monday's matches, but here Oxford hold the superiority, as they were within an ace of defeating West Bromwich Albion, who but lately inflicted defeat on the Cantabs. But February is a long way ahead.

The conclusion of the trials at Oxford and Cambridge, gives the prophet a reasonable excuse for the exercise of his art. It is a pity that probabilities do not run parallel with the general wish for improvement in the prospects of Cambridge. It is true that the time of the race was very fair and there was a great deal of very hard work, but the rythmical style that has been so much discussed and desired, was conspicuously absent. There were two good oars in the boats who should be certain to row in the crew, but beyond Gold and Bullard, the coaches could select nobody of conspicuous talent. The flowing Cam will be empty from now till January 10th, when serious coaching for the great race will begin in earnest, and the prophet will be supplied with further facts for pessimistic prediction.

The race at Oxford was—as a race—the best for very many years. Old Tims's verdict was a victory of under two yards in favour of Tomkinson's crew. The strokes especially of the

winning boat, have been very roundly abused by the critics in general. But there is a fashion in these things. Holmes, though unable to row a fast stroke, is a strong oar and a good waterman; and Tomkinson, though Phillips at seven rather usurped his work, at any rate was successful and worked as hard as any man in the boat. Further, the time of the race was 9sec. quicker than last year. Certainly the two boats must be pronounced above the average of the last few years—and that means a very high standard indeed.

A comparison of the two crews, with the composition of the Cambridge crews, discloses, at least, one significant fact. At Oxford no less than twelve of the sixteen have learnt rowing from their youth up under competent coaches. Nine hail from Eton, and Shrewsbury, Radley, and Bedford supply one each. At Cambridge only one Etonian was included, and very few of the rest come from what are known as rowing centres. Of course, a good many fine oars have been made late in life, but in spite of a prevalent maxim, it is absurd to suppose that long familiarity with an outrigger and its ways does not produce an effect which tells in the long run. You may make a novice into an oar, but you will not make eight novices into a crew. There was a good deal of effective weight in the middle of the two boats, Darling standing conspicuous at nearly 14st., and both he and Philips, and Edwards, and Pitman, and Herbert, and the younger Warre have the making of fine oars.

The meeting of the M.C.C. just held, had a melancholy interest in the fact that the old-time secretary, "the best known man in London," was presiding for the last time. Lords in the coming season will lack an associated feature which it will be hard to supply, but it is to be hoped that Mr. Perkins will still not quite omit to haunt the pavilion where he has reigned for so very many seasons. As to his successor, as we must talk of him, there are rumours, and some confidences, but not yet a publishable certainty.

The "test match," just beginning in Australia, contains a large percentage of old-time opponents. We know the names of all the Australian players, and have seen them all, the only notable absentee being George Giffen, who—alas for the professional spirit—clings to his determination not to play. We have confidence, in our team, but the illness of Ranjitsinhji is a vast pity, though it is just possible, in the contingency of a wet wicket later, that Briggs may prove a very efficient substitute. He was mainly instrumental in winning the corresponding match in 1894-95, when, helped by Peel and a rainstorm, we were victorious by a mere ten runs. A similar finish, even through the telegraph, would add to December a welcome excitement.

Bright weather is a necessity for correct lacrosse, and the fog of Saturday, therefore, seriously interfered with play throughout the South. Some of the chief games were postponed, or ordinary matches substituted for divisional contests, and it would be better in future for no competition games to be decided from about the middle of November until after Christmas. Very good light is necessary for proper play with the rapidly moving ball in lacrosse, and this can seldom be obtained at the present season. The claims of cricket would probably prove too strong for lacrosse to obtain a substantial footing as a summer pastime in England, and the difficulty with regard to grounds would be very great, but the experiment of a certain proportion of summer matches might well be tried at some central ground.

In the Lacrosse Divisional Competition on Saturday, the defeat of Blackheath by Croydon will have considerable influence on the struggle for the leadership of Division II. The result was quite against form, as Blackheath had previously beaten Catford, who defeated Croydon. The win, too, by six goals to one, was decisive, and Croydon have evidently been roused to the efforts one might expect from this well known club. Clapham beat Surbiton II. in the same division after a very short game, and several of the junior matches were well contested. The weather in the North was also bad on Saturday, but several important matches were decided. The defeat by nine goals to nil, of Harrogate by Stockport gave the latter the lead in the Northern Championship Competition, a position which they are quite likely to retain.

At a Council Meeting of the Hunters' Improvement Society, held at 12, Hanover Square, London, W., on Monday last, several candidates were elected members, including—Lord Fitzhardinge, M.F.H.; Mr. G. C. W. Fitzwilliam, M.F.H.; Mr. A. W. Foster, M.F.H.; Mr. John Hargreaves, M.F.H.; Mr. F. C. Swindell, M.F.H.; and Mr. John D. Williams, M.F.H.

IIIPPIAS.

COUNTRY HOMES: Albury Park.

THERE are few prettier places in Surrey than Albury. The district is one of romantic character, deeply wooded, with breezy downs, and hills covered with heath and fern, its landscapes full of variety, a sparkling stream and a still pool, and lanes as beautiful as the far-famed ways of Devonshire. It is a region, too, of many interests, both old and new, and, alike in its placid history and gentle charm, it offers remarkable contrasts to ancient Alnwick, and splendid Sion House by the Thames, where the Duke of Northumberland has other seats even more notable than this. The neighbouring villages of Shere, Gomshall, Abinger, and Chilworth, with the delightful country between, are full of attractions for artists. They will tell you, indeed, that Albury is not Albury, not the same "Eldeburie" which took its name, perhaps, from the Roman station on Farley Heath, and that it should be called Weston Street instead. Time was when the village green lay by the mouldering church, and when the rude forefathers of the hamlet sat and gossiped at the doors of picturesque cottages long since swept away.

the mountain in the park," and Evelyn writes in his diary that "such a Pausilippe is nowhere in England besides." Cobbett, that veritable pioneer of rural walks and rides, thought this certainly the prettiest garden he had ever beheld, and expressed himself in terms of unstinted praise at everything he saw. "There was taste and sound judgment at every step in the laying out of this place." He was particularly struck with the remarkable yew hedge at Albury, more than a quarter of a mile in length, which was so cut as to form a perfect canopy and delightful walk in summer and winter, and also with the American cranberries which he saw growing in the garden there.

Let us not attempt here, however, to survey all the charms of the surpassingly beautiful gardens at Albury. Perhaps another occasion may be found for that. Suffice it, then, to say that nothing that Evelyn planned, or that Cobbett admired, could have surpassed the lovely gardens that exist at Albury to-day.

The late Mr. Drummond was a man of character and originality, and it will be long before Albury forgets him. In



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THE GARDEN FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The owners of Albury Park have made many changes in the place. In the days of Charles I. it was the residence of Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel and Surrey, from whose family it passed to the Finches, Earls of Aylesford. The mansion went through many changes in successive hands. Admiral Finch, who died at Albury Park in 1794, repaired it, and Mr. Samuel Thornton, who then bought it, added a new front on the north, with coupled Ionic pilasters. Next, the late Mr. Henry Drummond, M.P., with the marriage of whose daughter the estate passed to the Duke of Northumberland, built a Tudor tower of stone and other additions, with fine moulded octagonal chimneys of brick.

In his hands, indeed, the house assumed a good deal of the aspect it now bears. There rose the twisted chimneys of moulded brick, gables and battlements, such as had dignified the house of the Howards of yore; mullioned windows and storied panes admitted the chastened light within; and Albury assumed much of the Tudor character once more.

The gardens were laid out originally about 1667 for Thomas Howard, the collector of the Arundelian marbles, by Evelyn. There was a still canal—now drained—and "a crypta through

investing the house with the fine character it possesses, Pugin was his architect. He filled it with treasures of art, and beautified its surroundings, and his work has been maintained and continued by his ducal successor. There is here pictured the venerable church of Albury, in the park. Mr. Drummond dismantled it, and the bells no longer ring out from that venerable tower, which has stood, probably, since Saxon times. Pugin adapted the chapel at the end of the south aisle as a mausoleum, and it is a very choice example of his rich and glorious work. Beautiful stained glass floods it with colour, rare tiles are upon its floor, and its walls are blazoned with the bearings of the Drummonds, and with "Gang Warily" and "D" many a time repeated.

But, though Mr. Drummond, like many another landowner, closed the church, he did not leave his neighbours and the villagers bereft. He built instead, in 1841, in red brick, an edifice carefully studied from a Romanesque or Norman church in Caen, and placed in it the venerable font and other features of the older edifice. He, however, was himself the head of the sect of the "Irvingites," and the "cathedral" of the "Catholic Apostolic Church," built at a cost of £16,000, is in the park at



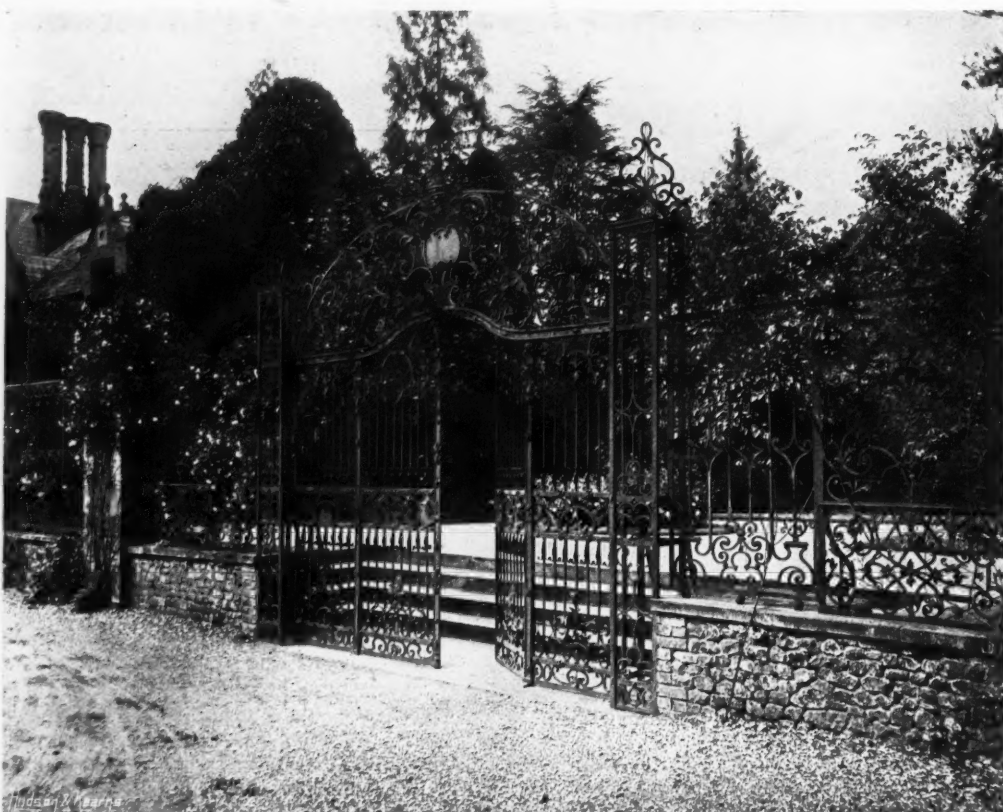
"COUNTRY LIFE"

COUNTRY HOMES: ALBURY PARK; THE OLD CHURCH.

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Albury. It was raised through his munificence, and was, in fact, his creation, with some very picturesque houses of timber which stand near by, and are the residences of members of the community. This "cathedral" is a structure of Perpendicular architecture, with very shallow transepts, but much good character, and the "chair of the angel" is in its chancel.

The park abounds in fine trees, and is very richly wooded. There are thus abundant interests and beauties in Albury and its neighbourhood. You may wander through the glades of the park, or linger by the "silent pool," or ascend the hills to the south, look over the woods of the Weald and towards the heaths of Hampshire, and catch a glimpse of the sea through breaks in the Sussex downs; or you may discover traces of the old "Pilgrim's Way," on its line from Guildford to St. Martha's chapel on the hill; or, again, may inspect the site of the Roman station on Farley Heath, which Mr. Drummond and his friend, the late Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper, the genial "Proverbial Philosopher," explored together. It would be hard to beat, in its kind, the great panoramic view from Newland's Corner on Albury Down. And in the midst of this beautiful country lies



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THE ENTRANCE TO THE GARDENS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Albury Park, its mansion and gardens—an ideal country home in quite an ideal land.
JOHN LEYLAND.

Some of the Dogs at Woburn Abbey.

THERE is much that I should like to have written about the dogs belonging to the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, for there are those at Woburn that have interesting histories of the present and the past. True, "the artist, selecting for art's sake artistic subjects," as "Belle" of the *World* pleasantly phrases it, has left out of his pictures the very dogs about which I had a great deal to say. But so much the better, perhaps, for another day. There is Druid, who made so many friends at the Botanic Gardens Show, and won a record there. He had never been shown before—the Duchess, by the way, is a Grand

Councillor of the Ladies' Kennel Association, and hence, no doubt, his appearance at the London show—but he is certainly one of the handsomest, as he is one of the hardiest, of Retrievers. But he is not in the picture of the kennels. Then, too, there is Roland, the St. Bernard, brought by Her Grace from Switzerland some four years ago—a dog with a record, and, unlike the prophets, not without honour in his own country. He is a beautiful creature, according to Hospice points; a beautiful St. Bernard, too, for in Switzerland they think much less of size than of strength and straightness of limb, of square noses, face, and weather-resisting coat. So Roland is a great favourite at Woburn Abbey, and more than devoted to his mistress. I think he can just be seen in the photograph; and the dog next him is another one I could talk about, for that is Fan, not the Clumber of which so perfect a photograph is given, but an undersized Gordon Setter, bred at Woburn, and the special companion of the Duchess when she goes shooting by herself; for Her Grace is a keen sportswoman. Fan now almost takes the place of Juno. Juno, now a venerable old lady, was the first dog the Duchess ever shot over, and many a mile have she and the Setter gone together, trudging through the turnips or tramping over the moor. There was no need to take any other dog out when Juno was there, for she retrieved excellently, and with it all she had so enchanting an intelligence that a day out with her was in itself a pleasure, let the bag be what it might. Now, of course, that old age has crept upon her, Juno lives



Photo, by T. Fall,

THE KENNELS.

Baker Street.

at ease at Woburn, a happy and respected pensioner, affectionately caressed for the part she has played in the past, and tenderly maintained as a happy link between the happy past and the happy present. Then there is Magic, next to Fan in the photograph—three-quarters Setter, one-quarter Clumber—a dog that promises to be worthy of her sire, for young and foolish though she may be at present, she is the daughter of one who was wise, of whom, as the Duchess once said, "his only indiscretion was to die in the prime of life of poison."

The dog sitting outside the kennels is Belle, a Setter of really remarkable beauty, and, as a matter of fact, if it had not been for her good looks, Belle would have left Woburn long ago. She bothers the other dogs when she is in the field, being a flighty creature, without a Setter's—Juno's, for instance—proper sense of responsibility. But she is too pretty and too lovable a dog for a kindly mistress to send away simply because she is useless, and is chiefly remarkable for over-rating herself. At the end of the picture is a young hopeful of the bulldoggish breed who has been recruited in the hope that he may be useful in "rounding in" the fallow-buck in winter for fattening, but whether he will be speedy enough remains to be seen. And in this connection I remember the Duchess once saying that the use of Deerhounds for this purpose had been given up, as, "though they had the pace, they would not face the buck at bay." *A prophes* of which, Sir Samuel Baker, in his book of "With Rolfe, a Hound, in Ceylon," has much that is greatly to the point. But none of these dogs really came, except microscopically, within the artist's ken.

Most of the other dogs of the Kennel are Clumbers of varying merit, but none of them more than mere dogs for the gun, bought from time to time from dealers, and respected in their different degrees for the amount of work they cover. They none of them have any personal history. That they are most excellent specimens of their breed goes without saying, to verify which it is only necessary to look at their photographs. It may, however, be worth while noting that Her Grace the Duchess of Bedford quite agrees with the opinions of authorities as to the delicacy of Clumbers, as she finds them very susceptible to ailments, above all, that tiresome kennel lameness, for which, somehow, there really seems to be no cure.

A. S. R.



Photo. by T. Fall,

"OLD FAN."

Baker Street.



Photo. by T. Fall,

TWO BROODS OF PUPPIES.

Baker Street.

THE NATIONAL DOG SHOW AT BIRMINGHAM.

THE shows of the Kennel Club now held at the Crystal Palace every autumn are fixtures English dogmen are justly proud of, but they certainly lack the business-like aspect of similar gatherings held under the management of the National Dog Show Society in Birmingham during the Cattle Show week. Although nearly two months later in the year than the metropolitan show, the great Midland fixture attracts a more representative attendance, and a glance round the Curzon Hall early on the opening day proved that, with very few exceptions, members of most of the sporting families in the district were present. The price of admission, 5s., keeps the attendance during judging more select than numerous—to use a hackneyed, but very expressive, phrase—and, long before Londoners would have dreamed of getting down to the Crystal Palace, greetings had been exchanged, and many of the winners scrutinised. Judging always commences early at Birmingham; and, with most of the judges in attendance shortly after nine o'clock, a start was made half an hour later. The result of this was that at luncheon, a very pleasing feature of the show—all the principal visitors being invited to meet the officials and judges—most of the awards were up, whilst at dusk there were no classes to judge, the list having been gone through. Again, the arrangements for getting the awards are much better than is the case at the Kennel Club Show, where it is an impossibility to secure a fully-marked catalogue until next day. This year, in fact, some of the classes were not judged until the second day. All this is, of

course, a question of management, and Mr. George Beech, the Birmingham secretary, has little to learn in this direction. He seems to have the right men in the right places, and if any information is required, one has not to go far to find an official, not only ready, but willing, to put the inquirer right. Mr. Round, who remembers the show when the entries were so few that all could be tabulated on a few sheets of note-paper, has resigned his post in Mr. Beech's office, but a good substitute has been found in Mr. Beauchamp, of Liverpool, a very able show manager. Such excellent arrangements as are in force at this show deserve the rather lengthy notice given, for there is very much to find fault with in the management of many high-class fixtures. As one of the oldest shows in the world, one naturally looks for excellence of management at Curzon Hall, and the fact that it was possible to leave for town early in the evening of the opening day with a complete report—every section having been scrutinised—proves that, from a pressman's standpoint, there was little to find fault with.

Generally speaking, the show still bears the character of being the best in the country for sporting varieties, and one had but to look round the hall to note that the largest crowds were either round the rings during the judging of the sporting dogs, or near the benches where the Pointers and Setters were accommodated. Here Mr. Rawdon Lee, than whom there is no finer authority on any sporting variety, might be seen discussing a question of type with a gentleman he had not, in all probability, met since the spring field trials.

Mr. Robert Chapman and George Stables, the latter of whom has charge of Sir Humphrey de Trafford's fine kennel, were also not far from this part of the show; whilst in another corner was Mr. W. Arkwright, expressing the opinion that shows and showmen have not improved dogs used in field sports. After judging, Mr. Lloyd Price and Mr. Elias Bishop, two very prominent figures in the world of sport, might be seen going round the benches with other lovers and owners of sporting dogs, interested in hearing the why and wherefore of the awards given the animals brought before them in the ring an hour or two before. Yes; there is no question as to Birmingham being the greatest show of sporting dogs in the world, and the small coterie of American sportsmen present for the first time might be forgiven their freely-expressed envy. The whole of the States' shows rolled into one could not produce one-half the number of high-class dogs seen every year at the National. One of the most pleasing features of the show was the large support given by Scottish exhibitors; Mr. R. Chapman, of Glenboig, whose kennel has been reviewed in COUNTRY LIFE, having no fewer than fifty exhibits, with which he won some twenty first prizes, in addition to numerous specials. Messrs. H. Rawson, J. Harriott Bell, W. Gordon, R. Tait, W. Ballantyne, A. K. Crichton, and J. S. Rhind, also took honours to Scotland, although, with one or two exceptions, the varieties closely identified with the land o' Burns were by no means representative. It was in Collies that Scotland shone, and, judging by the successes of Mr. R. Tait, it would appear that, after many years' trial, Northern breeders are slowly regaining their old position in a variety in which they were once pre-eminent. Rightaway, a lovely Collie of the rather uncommon tri-colour, lowered the colours of Mr. A. H. Megson's Southport Perfection for dog championship; whilst a similar honour for the gentler sex fell to a youngster called Primus, from the same kennel as Perfection. She is a very light sable and white, and, although not a favourite for her exalted position, created a very good impression. As a class, however, the bitches were below par. A somewhat notable win in Borzoi, a variety making really wonderful strides in popularity, was that of Alex, the well-known Sandringham exhibit, over the Duchess of Newcastle's Velsk, a dog at one time thought to be quite in the front rank. On this occasion, however, he was clearly second best to the royal dog, who was never shown in lovelier condition. Brunsdon deserves great credit for benching him in such perfect trim. He won the dog championship—a very signal triumph.

A great many of the classes can be passed, as possessing no feature of interest, Messrs. Brough and Hodson again having matters to themselves in Bloodhounds, whilst in Mastiffs, Mr. Royle, of Manchester, favoured Midlanders with a peep at Peter Piper, undoubtedly the soundest-bodied dog of the variety

ever seen. Truly he is a wonderful animal. The same owner's St. Bernard, Lord Hatherton, bought at the show as a puppy two years ago for over £500, also carried off very high honours; whilst in a big section of Spaniels few found greater favour than the Manchester gentleman's Brantley Primrose, a youngster shown for the first time away from the North. Mrs. F. C. Mitchell's successes in this section were also rather noteworthy. Taken all round, Terriers of all varieties were not numerous, but each section was fairly representative. The Irish ring was the most crowded, and for close on an hour Breda Muddler, Bolton Woods Mixer, Stackhouse Sportsman, and Blackbrook Bandmaster, were scrutinised by Colonel Ireland—a real good name for a judge of Irish Terriers—before a decision could be arrived at. In all the show, in fact, there was no more exciting episode. The youngster of the party, Sportsman, settled his claim to premier honours by being too cheeky in such company, the Bradford veteran giving him a pinch in the hindquarters that sobered him so much that he was afterwards quite cowed, and refused to show himself. After he had been sent out, Bandmaster, a very stylish Terrier, but not the class of the other pair, was given the order to go; consequently the respective Belfast and Yorkshire champions were left. Terrier men became very excited over the duel, and Mr. George Krehl mildly hinted that the judge had lost his power of discrimination by keeping the dogs so long in the ring. Colonel Ireland, however, took his time, and really it was exceedingly difficult to decide, from any standpoint, which was the better dog. Bolton Woods Mixer possesses more bone, is straighter in front, and has the better body, whilst the shape of his head is just what Irish Terrier men have been breeding for all these years. The Irish animal is, however, the better colour, has the more typical expression, is better in coat, and more "Carney" like in shoulders. A lovely Terrier beyond a doubt, and shown without any preparation—naturally, as a matter of fact. To him at length went the championship, and right well he deserved it. One could not, however, help feeling sorry for the loser. There was no such duel in any other Terrier section, the feature in Fox being the defeat of Claude Duval by Mr. F. Redmond's Daddy; whilst in Airedales the Clonmel kennel secured a brace of championships by the aid of Marvel and Sensation—rather hard lines for Mr. Johnston's Briarwood, who, a fortnight before, had beaten Marvel under the same judge. It is always a close thing between this pair, the least failing on the part of either being sufficient to turn the scale. Bulldogs presented no very special feature; whilst the Toy classes, no doubt on account of the long duration of the show, and the treacherous weather at this time of the year, were very poorly supported. Thus closed the last big show of the year.

BIRKDALE.

TOWN TOPICS.

"The Grand Duchess."

OFFENBACH at the Savoy! The wheel has turned full circle, indeed. It would hardly be straining the point to say that the Savoy—the unique, the wonderful, the delightful Savoy—was evolved years ago as a protest against the



Photo. A. Ellis. MISS FLORENCE ST. JOHN. Upper Baker St.

trivialities and banalities of French *opera-bouffe*; that the famous triumvirate of Mr. Arthur Sullivan, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and Mr. D'Oyly Carte was formed to found a school of English light opera in which melody should not be divorced from form, in which wit should take the place of stupidity and suggestiveness, in which musician and author should receive expert treatment at the hands of a trained body of artists, a perfect chorus and orchestra. French comic opera in England had sunk to so low a level, that the Savoy arose to dam its iniquities; and then, as the wheel revolved and the Savoy itself lost much of its melody and wit and freshness, "musical comedy" came along, and the Savoy, retaining only the letter, but not the spirit, of its mission, found itself lagging behind, outstripped by younger rivals. And then, at the Savoy, is Offenbach revived. The wheel has turned full circle, indeed!

English comic opera is no more; its life was brilliant, but all too brief. The untimely death of poor Cellier hastened its end. "Dorothy" and "Doris" augured many a delightful work. English comic opera is dead; who will revive it? Pinero, in his long-announced and anxiously-expected libretto? Will Pinero inspire Sir Arthur Sullivan once again? Will Mr. Edward German—most national of musicians—supply us with light opera, and with the proof that a master of serious music can become the successor to Sullivan, in a branch of his art that Sullivan has made his own? Or is "The Grand Duchess," which follows "La Perichole" at another house, itself to be followed by "Orphée aux Enfers," and that by another and another example of its kind, until revivals of the whole series of modern antique Parisian *opera-bouffe* have finally convinced us that English composers have thrown up the sponge? Offenbach at the Savoy! Old French comic opera at the one and only home of English light music! Why not "The Pink Dominoes" at the Lyceum, "Le Maître de Forges" at the Haymarket?

It is not against Offenbach that protest is made. Offenbach, at his best, is delightful, exhilarating, enchanting. It is against Offenbach at a theatre devoted—with a few insignificant "stop-gaps," such as "Mirette," as exceptions—from its birth to English music. To object to "The Grand Duchess" as comic opera would be absurd. From the musical point of view it is everything that a work of its class should be; its melody is unceasing, its lilt haunting, its measures are varied and vivacious. As rendered at the Savoy, with the score untouched, with every detail studied, with an exceedingly clever company, with a chorus and an orchestra that sings and acts with an *élan*, a precision, and an intention worthy of grand opera itself, it is an entertainment as sparkling as champagne. Age has merely mellowed the dainty grace, the tune, and sprightliness of Offenbach's numbers; the old airs come back to us with an added charm; the ear is fascinated by half-forgotten strains so smooth and facile that it remembers an old friend ere the first few bars are over. "The sabre of my sire," "I dote upon the military," and the rest are



Photo. by H. S. Mendelssohn,

MISS WINIFRED EMERY AS BABBIE.

Pembroke Crescent, W.

very welcome; we love them, and do not mind how often they return to us. But at the Savoy!

While Offenbach, the composer, remains unchanged, except for some elaboration of the harmonies very artistically done by Mr. Ernest Ford to suit the larger theatre orchestras of to-day, Meilhac and Halévy, the authors, have been turned inside out. Even the English versions, as played by Schneider, Soldene, and Mathews have been changed beyond recognition. This, of course, was unavoidable—especially at the Savoy. All the coarseness and grossness, and, unfortunately, as a pendant, much of the devilment, has been taken out of the story; which, however, in its absence of nastiness, of silly puns, and in its infinitely improved third act, is, on the whole, a very great deal better than it used to be. Mr. Charles Brookfield, who has discarded the language of the eighteenth century, the period of the opera,

and the slang of the sixties, when the play was originally produced, has kept the plot clear, and has written a number of pungent lines and satirical references to the things of to-day. Mr. Adrian Ross, who has remodelled the lyrics, has done some excellent and nimble versification, and has greatly improved many of the songs. But, in some instances, the energy of the new broom has been misplaced. Why not have left alone such accepted phrases as "The sabre of my sire," "I dote upon the military"? Their new dress is certainly not an improvement; neither euphony or sense is better in "My blessed father's sword," and "Soldiers! I'm simply mad about 'em!"

Miss Florence St. John is too refined and dainty an actress to make an ideal Grand Duchess of Gerolstein. She has infinite charm, but lacks *diablerie*; she has humour, but not the humour of the Grand Duchess; animation, but not the *chic* of such a

heroine—these things are not bred in British blood. But she sang the music as none of her predecessors ever could have sung it, and in that she atones for all. The Fritz of Mr. Kenningham is also not the Fritz the authors meant. Mr. Kenningham is a tenor, not a comedian—the two types never go together. Fritz was a lout, a clod, alert only in the presence of his Wanda; Fritz should be funny, but Mr. Kenningham is not funny. However, in Mr. Lytton, who has a fine voice, Mr. Walter Passmore, Mr. Brookfield, and Mr. Elton, we have humorists of infinite resource; in Miss Florence Perry a Wanda of much charm and a Wanda with a sweet voice. The opera is beautifully staged, and has the "atmosphere" we only get at the Savoy. It is a wholly pleasing and amusing performance. But Offenbach at the Savoy!



Photo. A. Ellis, MISS FLORENCE PERRY. Upper Baker Street.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

IT is pleasant to be able to chronicle the fact that "The Little Minister" has capped in popularity all other productions at the Haymarket Theatre, the previous record in the matter of receipts being held by the curious "Trilby." In "The Little Minister" we have the admirable combination, all too rare, of a dramatist who owes much to his interpreters and artists who are deeply indebted to their author. To have conceived such a character as Babbie is an enviable thing; to have that character vivified by the genius of a Winifred Emery is an experience not often vouchsafed to a writer, however eminent. Miss Emery, as Babbie, gives us a creation so delightful that its memory will last long after the present performance at the Haymarket has vanished. Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Brandon Thomas, Mr. Kinghorne, and the others give a representation of Mr. Barrie's comedy that could not be surpassed.

"Secret Service," that most excellent of dramas, is extremely interesting at the Adelphi even now, when it is interpreted by an English company who are necessarily not so well fitted to so purely an American play as were the Americans who first presented it to us with such perfection of detail and such a striking ensemble. "Secret Service" loses something of its strenuousness, its tenseness, its quiet but remarkable force, in its present rendering, but Mr. William Terriss and Miss Jessie Millward play the chief parts with skill and earnestness, while Miss Georgie Esmond, in the semi-serious, semi-comic character acted with such wonderful freshness and cleverness by the American actress, Miss Odette Tyler, is hardly inferior to that original exponent of the part.

"Admiral Guinea," by Mr. W. E. Henley and the late Robert Louis Stevenson, was so interesting, and in many ways so attractive, that it is a pity that the New Century Theatre Society could not have arranged to prolong its performance. Surely in this great London of ours there is a sufficient number of people anxious to see a work by two such distinguished men of letters as the authors of "Admiral Guinea." Truly, the piece is not a play in the accepted sense of the word. It lacks much that is essential to dramatic construction, but it gave us some of the best acting seen in London for a great number of years. It was a delight to the ear to listen to such musical, powerful, and exquisite language, while the two last acts were dramatic in the highest sense; the final

one being of the most exciting and thrilling character, keeping the audience in a state of fearful expectancy, quite in the manner of Greek tragedy. The scene where David Pew—one of the most gruesome, but at the same time humorous, villains ever put upon the stage—where blind David Pew thirsts for a man's life, with fingers itching to beat his throat, with knife all ready for his heart, the while that man, a somnambulist, is pacing to and fro within a few inches of him, and his daughter, in an agony of terror, watches helplessly fearful of awakening Captain Gaunt, lest the shock should kill him—it was, and is, the belief that a sudden shock will kill a sleep-walker—this scene had an acute horror, an awful suspense, that will not easily be forgotten. Acted, here and throughout, with really magnificent power by Mr. Sydney Valentine as Pew, and Mr. Mollison as Gaunt, who held the strained attention of the audience through long and undramatic, but beautiful speeches, by the perfection of their art; acted, also, by Miss Cissie Loftus and Mr. Lorraine with great charm and quiet naturalness, the performance of "Admiral Guinea" was an event that few of us would readily have missed.

"Honesty," a clever and well-written but amateurish and diffuse one-act play, by Miss Young, preceded "Admiral Guinea." In this, Miss Kate Rorke played, and played delightfully, as a maid of all work, a serious-comic part, in which the pathos was much the more evident if one looked beneath the surface. Mr. Cookson, too, acted very excellently in the little piece.

Mr. Arthur Roberts and his company began a season at the Lyric Theatre on Saturday evening with "Dandy Dan," a musical farce, written by Mr. Basil Hood, and composed by Mr. Walter Slaughter.

Mr. Louis N. Parker, whose play, "The Happy Life," produced at the Duke of York's Theatre on Monday evening, will be commented upon in our next issue, has been fortunate in meeting with a gentleman whose faith in him is only equalled by his power to test that faith. Mr. Ernest Oswald, the new manager of the Duke of York's, has the present intention of staging Mr. Parker's plays one after another, including "The Mayflower" and the poetical "Lancelot." "Lancelot," by the way, is a more psychological study of the character of King Arthur than are Tennyson's poems.

"The Cat and the Cherub," that wonderful Chinese tragedietta, now precedes "Oh! Susannah!" at the Royalty Theatre.

Madame Odilon and her company, from the Volkstheater, Vienna, intend paying London another visit next year, in Bracco's play, "Faithless." Such superb art as is displayed by Madame Odilon and her companions should ensure for her, now that she is known to us, a highly prosperous season.

CYCLING NOTES.

FINALITY is as far off as ever in the matter of brakes, and the choice is now altogether bewildering. There was rather less that was new in this line, it is true, at the National Show than was noticeable at the Stanley, but variety was plentiful notwithstanding. Perhaps the one which possessed the greatest degree of novelty was the Self-Acting Brake, which was shown on the Crypto Company's stand. In this pattern the usual order of things is reversed; instead of a plunger actuating a brake-shoe by the compression of a spring, the latter is permanently in a state of compression when not in use, and it is a release action which applies the brake-shoe to the tyre. The spring is concealed within the head socket, and is actuated by the turning of the handle grip. A right turn has the effect of releasing the spring suddenly and pressing the brake hard on; a left turn, on the other hand, applies the brake more gradually. Obviously the strength of the spring would require to be considerable, as there is no hand pressure to bring into play; and if the maximum power of the brake when the spring is released to the full be insufficient to hold a machine on a steep gradient, it would be a risky article to trust to. On the other hand, if very powerful, the occasions on which the sudden release of the spring could be resorted to would be exceedingly few, as the action might unseat the rider; but the power would be there in reserve, and by turning the handle to the left instead of to the right it could be led up to gradually, according to the degree required. The brake is a neat one, certainly; and, provided it is reliably made, it should prove an acquisition.

Of the making of cycle stands there is no end, and more's the pity that many of them are inefficient. One of those exhibited at the National Show, however, was a very handy article. To be really serviceable a cycle stand should support the machine in the main beneath the bottom bracket, and this is what the Royal County Stand effectually accomplishes. It also clips the lower main tube by an adjustable clamp, and altogether forms a neat and useful stand, which leaves both wheels free to revolve, and thus simplifies the cleaning process.

A novelty which one is less inclined to view with favour is the Rimmer and Pewtress cycle shield for ladies' safeties. This curious structure fastens by clips and stays in front of the rider, at either side of the front forks, being cut down the centre to accommodate the wheel. The materials of which the shield can be made are various, and, of course, when celluloid or papier-mâché is employed the weight need not be considerable; but the windage is quite another matter, and one wholly fails to see how this erection can be aught but a serious hindrance to the rider, however much it may shield her from dust and rain. A lady's dress is quite a serious enough obstacle as it is, without the added resistance of an even larger surface.

A neighbour of the cycle shield was the "Handy" cycle house, a compact structure which was unique in one respect, in that it was portable, being provided with handles at either end. No doubt it could be used for transport also, as the minimum of space is attained in the design, but, apart from this, it would be useful to cyclists living in flats or otherwise short of storage room.

Two puncture locaters were new to the show, though one has been on the market a short time previously. This is Scofield's Puncture Locater, which is an apparatus of transparent celluloid made to fit round the inner tube of the tyre, along which it slides. The celluloid is dusted on the inside with French chalk, and the result is that when the puncture is reached the escaping air blows the dust away at that point and so reveals its presence. This method is handier and neater than the water test, and in many cases would be successful, but there still remains unsolved the problem of how to detect a puncture which is too small to allow air to escape at all when the inner tube is exposed and inflated to one pound pressure only, but which does leak when the tube is inside its cover and fully inflated.

The other puncture locater was the Rowley, a liquid preparation. It is poured into the inner tube through the valve before starting on a journey, and in case of puncture the hole reveals itself by the exudation of the fluid, which is coloured. Here, again, the locater would, no doubt, be excellent in the case of punctures that are not microscopic, and only fail to reveal themselves ordinarily because the puncturing substance has left no mark on the clean rubber; but the

same doubt as before suggests itself, namely, that in cases of extremely minute perforations which occasionally baffle the search, the coloured liquid would be unable to exude.

Saddles showed very few modifications for the coming season, but there was one ladies' pattern which possessed an interesting feature of novelty, and that was Webb's Easy. In this type the cantle is provided with a back-rest of about two inches in depth, and it will be worth noticing whether this innovation fulfils its claims, which have a certain face value, as the back-rest, small as it is, should be sufficient to afford a fair amount of leverage which would be useful in hill climbing and back-pedalling alike.

Another new feature in ladies' saddles is the introduction of silk embroidery into the upper portion, which is made of pig skin. This gives the Brampton saddles a very smart appearance, and as the firm's No. 22 and No. 44 are two of the best types of ladies' saddles in the market, there is no difficulty in the way of combining the useful with the ornamental.

A very useful article, which was exhibited in an experimental form at the National Show of 1897, has since been improved, and is likely to have a considerable sale. This is Turner's Bi-Carrier, a light rectangular frame of woven wire, which is suspended horizontally over the back wheel by stays, which are clipped to the back forks. The great essential of any luggage carrier is that it should be rigid in itself, so that the article carried may be securely affixed to the machine and not disturb its equilibrium by any untoward oscillation. In the Bi-Carrier this prime object is fully attained, and to tourists of either sex, but especially to ladies, who have no diamond frame into which to fit a valise, the apparatus should commend itself. For shopping purposes it is invaluable.

One other article of utility I must mention here, and that is the Waterson Width Adjusting Expansion Pedal. This is so designed that, though the part which takes the pressure is stationary, the end plates are capable of lateral extension. Each plate, moreover, can be extended independently, and not necessarily to the same degree on either side, so that any peculiarity of the foot, or any preferential method of turning the foot—in or out, as the rider may fancy—is capable of being allowed for. The workmanship is very good, as all who know the excellence of the Waterson E. H. handles would expect.

Very badly treated were a bevy of Cambridge cyclists the other day. One of the roads of the University town was under repair, and almost impassable for cycles. With curious notions of fair play a plain clothes constable was stationed there, and his was indeed a field-day, no less than six-and-twenty cyclists, half of them ladies, being summoned. The borough magistrates inflicted fines of a shilling each on those who rode along the footpath, but dismissed the charges against those who merely wheeled their machines. In street law, however, one offence was as indictable as the other, as hundreds of riders, especially ladies, have discovered to their cost; and if the Cambridge magistrates could stretch a point where wheeling is concerned, they might, with equal reason, have remitted the fines for riding also, considering the condition of the road. THE PILGRIM.



Photo. by F. Olo. ANY APPLES TO-DAY?

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What Farmers have Done for Hunting.

THE farmers of England have done much to make fox-hunting the popular sport that it is. It is not that they have allowed their land to be ridden over and more or less damaged by men to whom they are personally unknown. This is only a passive support at the best, though without it fox-hunting would soon cease to exist. But I think that, were it not for the spirit of sport which pervades the farmers of Great Britain and Ireland, this passive

support would soon cease, and hunting, as a matter of course, would become an obsolete sport. To a greater or less degree, and whether he rides to hounds or not, the farmer participates actively in the sport of kings. He may not have the means to keep a horse for hunting purposes; he may be unable to ride across country; his nerve may have failed him, or it may never have had an existence. But if not an adept in the art of riding to hounds himself, he is no mean judge of the capacity of others in that art; he can tell you at a glance whether a man is a "workman or not;" and he is generally to be found an interested looker-on when hounds meet anywhere in the neighbourhood of his holding.

A brief glance at hunting history shows that the farmers of this country have not only been pervaded with this sporting spirit, but that from earliest times they have fostered it and encouraged its growth, and I have not much hesitation in stating that the present prosperity of hunting has its foundation, as it has its mainstay, in those good fellows who till the soil; who preserve foxes, and keep "the missus" quiet when she loses her poultry; and who, in many countless ways, help to make fox-hunting the king of our winter sports.

The gentleman who comes down to a fashionable hunting centre, as a gentleman of my acquaintance once went to a certain educational establishment, with half a dozen hunters, a hack, a second horseman, a wife and a lady's maid, would do well if he occasionally left the country of his choice, and went to "rough it," as I have no doubt he would call it, in some of the Farmers' Hunts. He would find the "roughing it" a very pleasant process, and he would return home both a gladder and a wiser man if he had the right stuff in him to begin with.

Hunting may well be looked upon as our national winter sport, for with Saxon and Norman alike it was a passion, and, surviving all changes, it continues to hold its own. In olden times—and not such olden times, either—city dignitaries were associated with hunting, and though the Epping Hunt grew to be somewhat ridiculous, and became the subject of much pleasant satire, there is not a doubt that at one time it was a serious business enough, and that the privilege was highly valued. Unfortunately there were no sporting newspapers in those days, and there is nothing to throw light upon the hunting which was associated with great cities. For until the early part of the present century the wealthy citizens of our large cities were associated with hunting in a remarkable degree. The citizens of Liverpool enjoyed many a gallop with the City Harriers, and at times hunted a bag fox, history relating that they turned one down on Aintree, and killed him amongst the sand dunes of Southport, when Southport had not been evolved from the inner consciousness of the speculative builder. The York City Harriers were also an institution long before the York and Ainsty country was established, and I have ridden through the streets of Newcastle-on-Tyne with a man who pointed out a place—now covered with stately warehouses—where, in his boyhood, he had seen the Newcastle Harriers meet.

Now the great hunts might have been counted on the fingers in the middle of last century. Mr. Hugo Meynell was undoubtedly the first to—what, for want of a better word, I must call—consolidate a hunt, and the establishment of the Quorn Hunt by him is properly looked upon as the starting point of modern fox-hunting. At this time, and earlier, there were the great territorial magnates, the Lane Foxes, the Manners, the Pelhams, the Somersets, the Lambtons, the Vanes, and others, who kept up princely establishments and hunted the fox whenever and nearly wherever they chose; and I have it on the authority of the late Mr. John Harvey, for many years master of the Durham County Hounds and the South Durham, that he remembered the famous Lord Darlington hunting in one season from Stocksfield-on-Tyne to Ruford in Nottinghamshire.

These historic packs, appanages to the princely estates of which their masters were the owners, were more or less hereditary, and many of them have descended from father to son for many generations; and on estates like these, where generation after generation men of the same family were found occupying the same farms, it was only to be expected that the love of sport would be fostered at the same time as attachment to the soil.

But these historic hunts by no means account for the numerous packs which fill the lists published on all hands at this period of the year, and when the early history of most packs of hounds in England, excepting, of course, those connected with the great historic families to which I have alluded, is examined, it will be found that when the fathers of the cities were pursuing the timid hare in dignified manner and with all the pomp and circumstance which appertained to hare-hunting in the good old times, farmers combined to hunt "the nightly robber" of the hen roost, fully alive to the fact that, for purposes of sport, the "little Red Rover" was at the head of our *ferie nature*.

It is not a little curious this same growth of fox-hunting, and how from the small beginnings of well-to-do farmers, aided by home-loving squires and small landowners, hunting has spread all over the land, and how, even in what are known as rough and moorland countries, the original scratch lot of hounds, which every man hunted more or less as it pleased him, and which, after all, showed wonderful sport in their way, have developed into regular establishments, with full complements of smart servants, and more or less of a regular subscription list. And as the methods by which those countries were hunted have changed, so have, in many instances, the countries themselves. Large tracts of uncultivated common have come under cultivation; effective drainage has rendered many a place which was almost unrideable "good going"; foxes have been better preserved; and more country has been enclosed, giving those partial to "lepping" opportunity to satisfy their inclinations that way. Then the planting of spinneys and of goose coverts has done away with the necessity of dragging up to the kennel a fox, a thing which our ancestors were compelled to do, but which it may be questioned is ever done regularly nowadays, even in the roughest moorlands.

Yes, the old "rough and ready" ways have almost, if not entirely, ceased, and the absence of some of the old customs may well be regretted. But with increasing smartness the old sporting spirit prevails; that spirit which forbade our farmers of a former generation destroying foxes in an illegitimate manner; that spirit which roused them to combine to form what practically were the foundations of most of the hunts at present to be found in the country; that spirit which has made fox-hunting what it is; and which is still to be found as strong as ever in the breasts of our hereditary farmers. For when you find, and happily you do not often find him, a farmer who looks askance at fox-hunting, you may put him down as an outsider, a man of theories from the towns come to teach farmers their business, and not one of those, descended from a long list of agricultural ancestors, whose traditions are of the reds, whites, and roans, of good crops and of sport. Another innovation has appeared, the outcome of increased facilities of communication, and visitors often throng to hunts which were practically confined at one time to farmers and their immediate friends. This is all as it should be—the more the merrier; and, doubtless, the visitors remember that without the co-operation of the farmers

hunting would not be possible. I would have them also bear in mind that, had it not been for the active part taken by farmers in the past, hunting would never have taken the hold that it has of our national life, a hold which it is to be hoped and believed will grow and increase as the years pass by.

RED ROVER.

BETWEEN THE FLAGS.

THE racing season of 1897 is now matter of history, flat racers have retired into winter quarters, and for the next four months attention will be given to the doings of "jumpers." That steeplechasing has gone terribly downhill during the last quarter of a century, no one can well deny, and it seems only too likely that if something is not done, and that quickly, to restore it to its former position, it will die out altogether, for want of horses worthy to be called steeplechasers, and from pure lack of interest. It is, indeed, a pity to see this fine old sport brought to so low an ebb, but the result was not hard to foretell when the ruling authorities began interfering with the country meetings over natural courses, the results of which have been that there are comparatively few horses in training now who could jump the old "countries" of thirty years ago. Farmers and hunting men have given up breeding the class of horse they once used to, such as Zoedone, Congress, Pathfinder, Goldfinder, Gazelle, and many others that could be named; while the ranks of our modern steeplechasers are filled with cast-offs from the flat, more or less worn in their legs, and soured in their tempers. These things have not yet come to pass in Ireland, and the consequence is that at least ninety per cent. of our best chasers come from that country, and most of the principal steeplechases of the season are won by the Irish division.

The sport at Newmarket last week was only moderate, but there was some rather better racing at Kempton and Sandown Parks. At the first of these Mena gave Regret 5lb. and a beating in the Summer's Town Hurdle Race, which, as she could make no impression on Keelson, with 7lb. the best of the weights, at Gatwick, does not say much for the Duke of Westminster's discarded rogue. In the November Handicap Hurdle Race, Lahore gave Faughchin, of the same age, 5lb. and a five lengths beating, which would certainly be useful if the second



Photo. by Wall Bros., THE CAULFIELD CUP: THE GRAND STAND, St. Kilda, Melbourne

was in his old form; and The Shaker, with 13lb. the best of the weights, beat St. Mathurin by a length and a-half for the Ferry Steeplechase.

At Kempton Park the December Hurdle Handicap was won by Anchovy (10st. 12lb.), who beat, among others, Playwright (11st. 3lb.), Mena (12st.) Faughchin (10st. 2lb.), and Montauk (12st. 7lb.). The Irish mare, Sweet Charlotte, over her best distance, two miles, won the Stewards' Steeplechase, with 12st. 7lb. on her back, and the recent winners, Balmy, Summer Lightning, Crystal Palace, Lil II., and The Shaker behind her; and Sheriff Hutton, who cantered away from Merry Carlisle at Plumpton last month, treated Melton Constable the same in the Uxbridge Steeplechase.

There were two capital days at Sandown Park last week, and if the class of horses running would compare badly with those who used to fight out the same events twenty years ago, we must be thankful for small mercies in these days. The principal steeplechase of the meeting, the Great Sandown Steeplechase, brought out ten runners, of whom the two top weights—Cathal, 12st. 7lb., and Prince Albert, 12st. 6lb.—looked like holding all the rest safe. When Cathal joined Barcalwhay two fences from home he looked like justifying the confidence of his friends, but he bolted out of the course directly afterwards, and left Captain Whitaker's honest old slave to win by ten lengths from Prince Albert, with that once good chaser, Ardarn, third, and the unbacked Wild Man from Borneo fourth. The winner is a good, honest horse, who always finishes somewhere near the front, but has no pretensions to be in the first class. He looked fitter than anything else that ran in this race, but it is doubtful if he will ever again beat either Cathal or Prince Albert at the same weights.

The Grand Annual Hurdle Race on the first day brought out a terribly poor class field for such an important event. Knife Boy started favourite at 9 to 4. All through the race he looked like winning, until the last hurdle, from which point he was unable to make any sort of a fight with old Cestus, who shot away and won by two lengths. It is true that the four year old was only receiving 2lb. from the winner, but he ought to have beaten him if he is as good as we were led to suppose. The form was probably moderate all through, whilst, taking a line through the Liverpool November Hurdle Handicap, what weight could Keelson have given to the whole lot?

The Suffolk Plate, one of the new welter flat races, was won by Rampion, by no means a glutton under Jockey Club Rules, the useful Irish-bred four year old Lahore being second, and the hopeless rogue Regret third, which event ended the first day of the best National Hunt Meeting we have seen this season as yet. OUTPOST.

STUD NOTES.

NOTE.—The figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, denote the "running families"; 3, 8, 11, 12, 14, the "sire families"; and (6), (7), (9), (10), and so on, the remainder.

MY last article was devoted to dealing with Kendal's descent in tail male from Pot8os, the most successful of all the Darley Arabian's descendants, and founder of the most important tribe in the whole Stud Book; and on his dam's side from the No. 16 family, from which the Ormonde and Agnes family is descended.

In this article, I propose to consider Bend Or's other illustrious son, Ormonde, the greatest race-horse of the century, and the sire of Orme. Before doing so, however, I will first draw attention to two of Kendal's sons, whose services are advertised for the coming season.

The first of these is Blairfinde, who is located at Mr. Gubbins's stud-farm in Ireland. This six year old horse, who won the Irish Derby in 1894, is an own brother to Galtee More, by Kendal (16) out of Morganette 5, by Springfield 14, by St. Albans 2, by Stockwell 3, her dam Lady Morgan 5, by Thormanby 4. It will at once be seen how well these figures suit those in the pedigree of Kendal's dam, Windermere (16), who was by Macaroni 14 out of Miss Agnes (16), by Birdcatcher 11.

The other is Greenlawn, by Kendal out of Buda, by Balfe (43) out of Lectrice, by Lecturer. This horse has shown some great form this year, as, in addition to running very well in several important handicaps, he has won the Liverpool Spring Cup, the Esher Handicap Stakes at Sandown Park, and the Prince's Handicap at Gatwick. He is a beautifully bred horse, and a good race-horse, and he certainly ought to be a success at the stud. At the end of next racing season we shall probably see Galtee More retire to the stud, and

Bend Or will be well represented in his old age by his son Kendal, and his three stalwart grandsons, Galtee More, Blairfinde, and Greenlawn.

Before leaving this branch of the great Stockwell tribe, it may not be uninteresting to my readers if I give the descent in the female line of Galtee More and Blairfinde from the daughter of Massey's Black Barb, or No. 5 mare, from whom also the Gladiator and Hermit families are sprung. Here it is:—

Galtee More, 5, by Kendal (16); Morganette, by Springfield, 12; Lady Morgan, by Thormanby, 4; Morgan La Faye, by Cowl, 2; Miami, by Venison, 11; Diversion, by Defence, 5; Folly, by Middleton, 1; Little Folly, by Highland Fling, 12; Harriet, by Volunteer (9); dam of Alfred, 12; Magnolia, by Maske, 8; dam of Babraham (15); dam of Scobury (Arab); Ebony, by Flying Childers (6); Old Ebony, by Basto (6); the Massey Mare, by the Black Barb.

In addition to Kendal, Bend Or is also the sire of the unbeaten Ormonde, the best horse in a very extraordinary year, his own brother Arklow, Laveno, and his own brother Orvieto. Unfortunately, the first of these, the mighty Ormonde, was prostrated with fever at an early period of his stud career, and was shortly afterwards sent abroad, but not before he had shown what he could do, by leaving us Orme, Goldfinch, Glenwood, and Sorcerer. Of these four grandsons of the Eaton sire, Bend Or, Orme was fully described in an article on that stud, which appeared in this paper on the 27th of last month. He was a great race-horse himself, and is the sire of some of the best yearlings I have seen this season. His dam, Angelica, own sister to St. Simon, belongs to the No. 11 family, and is by Galopin 3 out of St. Angela, by King Tom 3, her dam Adeline, by Tow 4, by Cain 8. It will thus be seen that he is full of sire blood, as well as running blood, and on the figures ought to make a better sire even than Ormonde.

Goldfinch 4 was out of the celebrated mare, Thistle, by Scottish Chief 12, her dam by Wild Dayrel (7), by Tow 4, by Cain 8. He was a brilliant two year old, but was run off his legs at that age, for fear of his turning roarer as a three year old, and he broke down whilst running in the Two Thousand Guineas, which he would otherwise have won. He is now in America, where he is absolutely certain to become a very great sire indeed.

The unbeaten Glenwood, by Ormonde out of Maid of Dorset, by Dutch Skater 5, by Flying Dutchman 3, her dam Empress of India (18), by Thunderbolt 11, by Stockwell 3, ran twice as a two year old, winning both his races easily, and was, no doubt, a very good colt indeed. He is a big fine horse, with a lot of bone, quite of the Stockwell type, and, as judged by the figures, he is sure to do well at the stud. I expect him to be the sire of something very good indeed some day.

Sorcerer 12 was a very speedy horse when in training, and is full of the best blood. His dam, Crucible, was by Rosicrucian 5 out of Apple Sauce, by Camerind (24) from Pine Apple, by Knight of Kara 3. He is a beautiful horse, of the best Rosicrucian type, and it is worth anybody's while to go to the Stud Farm at Cobham to see him. He gets remarkably good-looking stock, and it will be very odd indeed if some of them do not race.

Arklow is an own brother to Ormonde, and is now located in Ireland. He has already shown that he can sire winners, and, considering his lineage, it is hardly possible that he can help being a success. Laveno 1, and Orvieto 1, are both by Bend Or out of Napoli, by Macaroni 14 out of Sunshine, by

Thormanby 4, by Windhound 3. The former is now located at Eyrefield Lodge, The Curragh, Ireland, where the late Harry Linde bred and trained so many good horses; and his blood ought certainly to suit the stout-bred Irish mares.

This completes the list of all the most important sons and grandsons of Bend Or, and I have not the slightest doubt that this brilliant branch of the great Stockwell family is destined to do even greater things in the future than it has done in the past. In all these pedigrees, which I have only had space to touch lightly on here, it is remarkable to notice the inbreeding to Whalebone, and, to go further back still, to Pot8os; and the more one studies the Stud Book the more will one learn how well the Eclipse family bears breeding-in to. I have always believed this to be the reason why that horse's descendants have distanced those both of Herod and Matchem so far, both in number and class.

In my next article I shall go one step higher up the ladder of direct descent from Pot8os, and deal with Bend Or's sire, Doncaster, and the descendants of his other son, Muncaster.

OUTPOST.



Photo. Wall Bros.,

WEIGHING IN FOR THE CAULFIELD CUP. St. Kilda, Melbourne.

RACING IN AUSTRALIA.

THE seventeenth Caulfield Cup was decided on a warm, oppressive day, but the crowd was as great as ever, and before the first race the stand was packed. Cup day is the one day in the year when the Caulfield stand is hardly equal to the demands made upon it, but there is plenty of lawn room, and on such a day as it was ladies would not grumble at being shut out of the stand. The *Australasian*, the leading sporting paper in Victoria, from which our information concerning the day's racing is taken, says that His Excellency the Governor and Lady Brassey were present with a large party, but that there were not many inter-colonial visitors among the company.

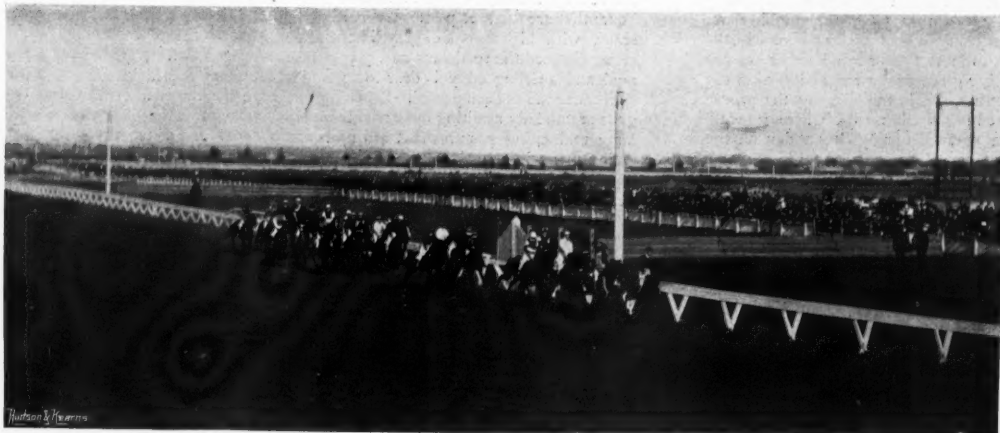


Photo. by Wall Bros.,

THE FIRST TIME ROUND.

St. Kilda, Melbourne.



Photo. by Wall Bros.,

THE FINISH: AMBERITE WINS.

St. Kilda, Melbourne.

A start was made with the Maiden Plate, for which the Carbine colt Pinfire was made favourite, but he cut a poor figure, and after running last for some distance Carabinier, another Carbine colt, came through at the turn and won easily.

The winner was bred by Mr. M. O'Shanassy, and is by Carbine from Barley (dam of O'Trigger), by Barcaldine from Lonely, by Hermit from Anonyma, by Stockwell. The family from which Carabinier descends has been very successful, both in England and Australia.

In the Moonga Handicap, Manfred was made favourite, with Eugene next in demand, while at 8 to 1 Moonlyong had plenty of friends. Manfred and Eugene were pretty well placed to the turn, where they ran wide, and Moonlyong coming up on the inside, just beat Devoted by a head.

The way was now cleared for the Caulfield Cup. The field numbered twenty-six, and Parthenopeus, who had been doing well at Flemington, quickly became a pronounced favourite. Despite all the galloping he had done, Parthenopeus still looked rather above himself, a remark which also applied to Gaulus and Trent; despite the fact that both had led a busy life for some time past. Ayrshire, who had done very little work during the week, looked bright and well; but, like Dreamland, he was rather on the light side. Amberite lost favour after his running on the Saturday, but he looked well. Taken all round, they were a well-conditioned lot; but Bonnie Heather's suburban form had been so poor that the extreme odds of 200 to 1 were on offer against him. Never have a more tractable lot been seen at the post for a big race. Directly the barrier was lowered they took their places, and at the first attempt Mr. Watson sent them away to a splendid start.

Key and Malto were the leaders past the stand, and here there was a scrimmage among the middle division, which nearly resulted in Dreamland coming down. Along the back Malto led, but at the far turn The Grafters headed him, and was in front until entering the straight, when Amberite, who had come round the field from the half-mile post, headed him, and crossed over to the rails with the race in hand. First Parthenopeus and then Ayrshire made a show after passing the distance; but Amberite held on, and won cleverly by a length from Parthenopeus, who had had luck in being disappointed several times. Ayrshire hung badly in the last two hundred yards, or he would have been very near the winner. Paul Pry ran well all through, and finished fourth, just in front of The Grafters, and then came Key, Metford, and Acton, at the head of the remainder of the field, with the exception of Bonnie Heather, who walked in last. The winner was bred by Mr. Donald Wallace, and is from Duenna, who was, probably, Mr. Wallace's favourite of all his mares. At the break-up of the Lerderberg stud, Mr. John Lee bought Duenna, with Amberite at foot, for 220 guineas,

and he afterwards leased the colt to Mr. W. Duggan for his racing career. For some time Amberite was as good a favourite as anything for the Caulfield Cup, but after his failure in the Caulfield Guineas on the previous Saturday he went back to 100 to 5 offered.

THE CAULFIELD CUP.

A handicap of 2,500 sovs.; second, 350 sovs.; third, 150 sovs. One mile and a-half.

Mr. W. Duggan's b c AMBERITE, by Carbine—Duenna, 3yrs., 7.7, inc. 7lb. ex. (Harris) . . . 1
Mr. F. Fielder's ch h PARTHENOPÆUS, by Splendor—Atalanta, 5yrs., 7.12 (Fielder) . . . 2
Mr. W. H. Davidson's br h AYRSHIRE, by Dunlop—Hinnomungie, 5yrs., 8.9 (Stevenson) . . . 3
Paul Pry, by Lochiel—Busybody, 5yrs., 8.7, inc. 7lb. ex.; The Chevalier, 5yrs., 8.6; Foliage, 5yrs., 8.3, inc. 5lb. ex.; Acton, 5yrs., 8.2; Canooona, aged, 8.1; Mischief, 6yrs., 8.1; Devon, aged, 8.0; Straightfire, aged, 7.11; Trent, 6yrs., 7.10; Dreamland, 6yrs., 7.9; Bonnie Heather, 6yrs., 7.9; Key, 3yrs., 7.8; Sunbury, aged, 7.6; Gaulus, 6yrs., 7.5; The Graftor, 4yrs., 7.4; The Hypnotist, 3yrs., 7.3; Bundook, 4yrs., 7.2; Malto, 5yrs., 7.2; Birksgate, 5yrs., 7.2; Water Color, 4yrs., 7.0; Metford, 3yrs., 6.11; Rosella, 6yrs., 6.8, car. 6.12; Luster, 3yrs., 6.7, also ran.
Betting.—6 to 1 Parthenopæus; 11 to 1 Rosella; 12 to 1 Gaulus and Key; 14 to 1 Ayrshire; 15 to 1 Trent; 16 to 1 Paul Pry; 20 to 1 Amberite; 25 to 1 Straightfire, The Chevalier, Dreamland, Metford, and Bundook; 100 to 3 Mischief, Sunbury, The Graftor, The Hypnotist, Canooona, Devon, Foliage, and Water Color; 100 to 2 Malto and Acton; 100 to 1 Birksgate and Luster; 200 to 1 Bonnie Heather.



Photo. by Wall Bros.,

AMBERITE.

St. Kilda, Melbourne.

ON THE FRINGE OF THE MOORLAND.

TO the true sportsman there is a genuine pleasure in a rough tramp over a wild country where game is scarce, and where chance shots have to be taken as they come, that is not equalled even at a big shoot, where the maximum of shots are obtained at the minimum of exertion. The generous impulse of the sportsman is to give all game at least a chance of escape, and his greatest pleasure is when his skill and intelligence succeed in outwitting the instincts and wariness of game. Then, too, there are the delights of pure bracing air, charming scenery, and opportunities for the study of Nature in some of her wilder aspects. On the borders of the moorland there are always a few coveys of partridges—wilder somewhat and smaller than their lowland brothers—whilst the small isolated plantations generally hold a few pheasants, an odd hare, possibly a blackcock, and, in November, frequently a woodcock or two. In the big rough pastures that run up the hillsides to meet the brown heather we are certain to find a few snipe, where the darker green of the rushes indicates the presence of a trickling drain or bubbling spring, and in the evening the grouse will come down from the higher hills to feed in the allotments, where "bent" grass and ling mingle with the coarse herbage. To enjoy fully a day on the edge of the moors, a man must be a keen sportsman and a good walker, whilst to the lover of dogs an additional pleasure is afforded, as a brace of wide-ranging setters save many a mile of useless walking, provided they are perfectly staunch

and steady on point. What pleasant memories flood the mind as we drive across the quaint old stone bridge that slopes downwards across the river! In the stream below the bridge that is now bordered with russet-tinted foliage, the trout were rising greedily at the newly-hatched blue duns only a few months ago; when, wading quietly up stream, we added four beauties in the very pink of condition to an already heavily-weighted creel. There, too, above the bridge, where the dark water swirls under the overhanging bank, the best fish of the day was hooked, and after a fierce struggle for liberty the landing-net was slipped under him, and he also joined his companions. Memories that seemed dead are revived by the sight of the murmuring stream, and recreate in all their freshness hours that are for ever past. Overshadowing the road towers the thickly-wooded scaur, with big masses of grey limestone cropping out near the summit. For some distance the road runs nearly parallel to the river, whose every stream and pool and swirling eddy is dear to us, and where many a pleasant day with the split cane rod has been passed. Reaching the keepers' cottage, where the other two guns are already awaiting our arrival, we start, without delay, to work across the large undulating pastures that run up the hillsides. The setters are uncoupled, and range widely below us, whilst we stroll quietly along the face of the hill. The old dog slackens his pace, and then stops, the younger one backing him beautifully, and we know birds are in front. No need to hurry, as he will stand



Photo. by J. B. Smithson,

CLOSE TO THE MOORLAND.

Leyburn.

for any length of time; but birds are wild to-day and the cover scanty, and they rise before we get within 100yds. of them. The keeper has marked them down in a big patch of dying bracken, and we go straight to the spot, only to be again disappointed, as they rise far out of shot, but, this time, take down the hill and pitch in a tiny glen with a thick undergrowth of tangled brushwood, brambles, and bracken.

Calling up the setters, we divide forces, one gun taking up his position at the head of the glen, and the other two walking, one on each side, whilst the two keepers and the spaniel beat it up towards the top. A shout of "mark cock" sends a thrill through us, and a glimpse of the silent-flying brown bird is followed by a single shot. The partridges rise at the report, some breaking back, the others scattering in all directions, but our four barrels are successful in securing three of the number. Then the spaniel pushes out a rabbit, that is bowled over as he crosses the tiny beck, and just as the men are leaving the covert a hen pheasant gets up at their feet, and, running the gauntlet of the guns, she also is added to the bag. Our friend congratulates himself on having bagged the first woodcock of the season, and has already secured the "pen" feathers to ornament the band of his shooting cap. We now have a long tramp across the pastures before we see birds, but in the corner of one of the meadows below the young dog draws on in a hesitating sort of way towards the hedge, and then, apparently sure of the result, comes to a point stiff and rigid, with uplifted foot and outstretched stern. We hurry down to him, as he has not had the experience of the old dog, and may perchance draw up and flush his game. Reaching him, however, we urge him onwards, when, almost at our feet, an old hare jumps up, and, with ears laid back, scampers down the hedgeside, but is bowled over; the dog drops to shot, but eyes poor puss with a wistful gaze as she struggles in her death throes. A small fir plantation is next beaten through, but is blank. A bog in the pasture is a sure find for snipe, and they are there to-day, but get up very wild, the result of our six barrels only being a couple. Another single bird drops, however, at a hurried shot after we have reloaded. A small stubble holds a covey of birds, but they skim away over the brow of the hill as we approach, and cannot be marked down. The next allotment is composed of ling, rough grass, and bracken, and runs up to the heather, from which it is divided by a loosely-built stone wall. The sheep scatter as we scramble over the boundary, then collect together on seeing the dogs, finally making a mad scamper and jumping the opposite wall—as only half-bred Scotch sheep can jump—bringing down with a noisy clatter several yards of the dry wall. There are no birds here, but a hare is disturbed by the sound of the falling stones, and makes away to the moors. Then we move on to a sheltered nook on the hillside, where the luncheon basket awaits us, putting up a brace of barren partridges on the way, one of which—the old cock, with his dark brown horseshoe-marked breast—falls to a long shot,

but, being only pinioned, leads the spaniel a long chase before he is secured. The game bags are laid down to provide seats, and we leisurely partake of our frugal lunch, admiring the while the glorious panorama of hill and dale before us—the glittering, sunlit river, the white band of road winding its way up the valley, at the head of which the heather-clad moorland meets the horizon, whilst lower down the dale is the tree-studded scaur, with here and there a white farmhouse perched on the hillside, or nestling amongst the russet-tinged foliage on the lower ground. The sun ever and anon breaks through a rift in the clouds—now brightening the shingle-edged stream, or dwelling lovingly on a patch of brown heather or ruddy bronzed bracken that clothes the feet of the lower hills. The larches quiver and gleam in yellow tints, contrasting strongly with the dark hues of the blue-black Scotch firs, whilst in the distance a mantle of pearly-grey mist, filmy and soft, hangs over the hills. The days are short, and we are soon again on the move, beating back across the rough pastures to try an outlying narrow strip of woodland that often holds a woodcock.

The two keepers beat it up towards us, and a pheasant is flushed at the hedgeside and killed, the shot scaring a flock of wood-pigeons, one of which is neatly killed by the flank gun as they swerve on seeing us. Then an old blackcock dashes out, and I get a pretty crossing shot; but although hard hit, he requires the second barrel to stop him, as these birds carry a lot of shot when in full winter plumage. What a handsome bird he is in his glossy blue-black and white colouring and forked tail, and with what a thud he fell amongst the heather! Two more small coverts are beaten through, and yield a couple of pheasants, four rabbits, and a poaching cat, whilst a covey of partridges, that had sought refuge amongst the young larches half-buried in withering grasses, dash over us as we stand in the valley. Surely that successful right and left at the high rocketing birds is of itself a sufficient compensation for the long tramp over rough ground. The mist gathers on the hills, the air becomes chilly as it creeps down into the valley, and hangs like a pall over the river; but there is still time for a short drive across the heather and "bent" grass allotment, where grouse generally come down to feed in the evening. Allowing us ten minutes to get to our places, we circle round, and take up positions under the far wall, keeping well out of sight. As the men climb the wall a big pack rise and make away for the hills. An old cock is crowing just in front of us, and presently he comes straight to the guns, and is dropped by the centre man. Three small lots rise at the report, and six birds pass between the flank and centre guns, two birds falling to the report. A snipe is flushed and comes over us, but is missed; and then as the keepers approach, we pick up the dead and make a bee-line to the cottage. Six pheasants, three grouse, a woodcock, four and a-half brace of partridges, a blackcock, three snipe, six rabbits, a hare, and a pigeon, make at least a mixed sporting bag, which amply repays us for a long tramp over a wild and rough country.

ARDAROS.



Photo by R. W. Thomas.

THE HERTFORDSHIRE HOUNDS: THE PACK.

Copyright

A BRUSH FOR A WIFE.

BROWN and I were at school together. He was one of those soft, good-natured boys made a butt of but still liked by all the fellows. We tried him at football, cricket, and all sorts of games, but could never make anything of him. Judge, then, of my astonishment, when I went to Harkaway Hall last Christmas twelvemonth for a few days' hunting, to find that Brown had arrived there the day before me. In Harkaway Hall, of all places in the world, I never expected to meet old "Booby" Brown. The old Squire had been the master of the Blankshires since the days of his youth, and his daughter Blanche was well known as one of the hardest lady riders in England. No one was ever asked to the Hall but hunting men, as both father and daughter had the most supreme contempt for any man who could not go straight to hounds. I could not get a chance to talk to Brown until we went up to our rooms at night, when my first question was: "Well, what in the name of all that's wonderful brings you here, old fellow? Surely you don't intend to hunt?"

Then the cat came out of the bag.

"Here's the way it is, Tom, and help me out of the scrape, like the good old chap you always were, if you can, for I'm hanged if I can see anything before me but the most ignominious disgrace."

It seemed that Brown had met Blanche in town somewhere during the season, and had "floundered" into love with her somehow. In consideration of his £6,000 a year, I suppose, the young lady tolerated him, and as he most rashly declared he delighted in hunting, he had received an invitation to the Hall. He was in a fearful state of mind now. He told me that for the last few weeks he had almost lived in the riding school, and by praiseworthy perseverance had got himself into such form that he could "do" the bar safely in about eight tries out of the dozen.

"But what's the good of all this," dolefully groaned out poor "Booby," "when one has to tackle such a beastly country as this looks, from what I saw of it yesterday?"

"Well, cheer up, old chap, and I'll see what I can do in the

way of getting you a steady mount, and looking after you as best I can. I know this place well, and may be able to get you through better than you think," was my consolatory reply, though *how* I was to do it was a mystery to me.

What was my horror next morning at breakfast when the Squire said:—

"I've told Richards to give you Kilkenny, that big bay that carried you so comfortably when you were down here last month; but I hear Brown is such a 'glutton' that the only horse to suit him will be Iconoclast, that Charlie, the whip, generally rides."

"By jingo! Brown's in for it," I thought to myself when I heard this, for I knew Iconoclast to be about the greatest devil in the Hall stables—a hard-pulling, vicious chestnut that jumped everything as it came, just as one might imagine a runaway balloon would perform as it went hopping along in a half gale of wind. But there was no help for poor Brown. He should either get "outside" this brute of a chestnut, or be put down as a rank "outsider" so far as Miss Blanche was concerned.

On some excuse I remained behind with him when all the rest had moved off, in the hope that in some way or other I could manage to let poor Brown be accidentally thrown out if we had a run. Old Icon was on his best behaviour, and was wonderfully docile, but I fancied he had a twinkle in that wild eye of his which seemed to say, "Wait a bit till you see."

As luck would have it, the first draw was Collington Copse

"I'd prefer the lines to fall to me in pleasanter places," laughed a third, as we saw the pair charge a most unamiable-looking bullfinch, and go crash through the thickest part of it.

To make a long story short, this was one of the best things ever known with the Blankshires, ten miles over a fine country, with a breast-high scent, soon making the field a very select one; and it would have been a memorable run if the field had not had to make a detour of a mile or so, where the hounds crossed a piece of soft moory unridable ground, near Beecham Wood. We got there at last, and what was my amazement to find Brown standing by the demesne wall, with the brush in his hand, while the pack were growling and fighting over an uninviting strip of something which we presumed was the mortal remains of Reynard.

Brown was an awful "cut"—in fact, he was a mass of cuts—his face covered with blood, his coat and breeches in burgees and pennants; but he looked the hero all over as he presented the brush gracefully to Blanche, just ridden up. The master and the few others who were up were loud in their congratulations to Brown for his dashing *début* with the Blankshires.

He rode home the chosen squire of Miss Blanche, *vice* Captain Crasher, deposed. That evening he was "first favourite" with Blanche, took her in to dinner, played chess with her in the drawing-room—in fact, they were inseparable.

"That's a case," snarled Crasher, as he glared at the pair through his eye-glass.



Photo. by R. W. Thomas.

THE HERTFORDSHIRE HOUNDS: THE MEET.

Copyright.

—a sure find generally, and the wickedest bit of country in the county. I dodged round a quiet corner with Brown, and awaited developments. These were not long about coming, for the hounds were hardly in cover when we heard the deep, low "yow, ye-ough!" of old Challenger, taken up by a chorus of canine vocalists, as in a grand crash of music they drove their fox to our side of the cover.

Just then I saw Reynard creep through some briars on the skirt of the wood, listen for a moment, and then slip down the side of a hedge. But Vengeance, good old bitch! was not to be denied. She feathered outside the covert for a second, and then hit him off cheerily down the hedgerow, with the rest of the pack streaming after her.

In the excitement of Charlie's "Tally! Ta-a-a-ly! Gone awa-a-y!" I forgot that there was such a being as Brown in existence. Where was he? I looked to my right, and just caught a glimpse of him as he disappeared into a lane over a five-barred gate, the top bar of which Iconoclast treated with a kick, which sent it spinning in matchwood. I had just time to see poor Brown with his arms tight round the chestnut's neck, and his spurs apparently with a good grip of his horse's sides, but evidently some of the field who now galloped up alongside me did not notice *how* he was riding.

"Who's that fellow going so well to the right of the hounds?" asked Fred Fuller.

"He's taking a pretty stiff line of his own," remarked another.

"Yes," said Tom Bailey, who always must have his joke. "I should say it was a case of *Brown wins her*."

And so it proved, for that very evening, over the chess, Brown had summoned up courage to propose, and had been accepted, as Blanche said she couldn't refuse a man who had beaten the whole of the Blankshires, over the worst part of the country, too.

Brown was wild with joy and excitement that night when we adjourned to our rooms, and you may be sure I was bursting with curiosity to know how it all happened.

Brown could remember nothing more than that Iconoclast bolted off with him when the fox broke, and that he had the instinct to clutch his horse tightly round the neck. He had a hazy idea of an occasional big bump, or a sensation as if someone had drawn a curry-comb across his face, the whole ending up in one grand crash, and then—oblivion. When he came to he found a tall individual in velveteens, with a gun under his arm, and holding Iconoclast by the bridle.

"Dang it! mon, where d'ye come from?" the long stranger asked.

Brown told him how it had all happened as well as he could.

"Thee'd best stay where ye are," said velveteens, "for I 'ear the 'ounds a comin' full ding across the bog, and t' fox must come by this to get into the wood."

A bright thought struck Brown.

"Would you like to earn a sovereign, my good man?"

A leer and wink was the reply.

"Well, shoot that fox and give me the brush."

The words were hardly spoken, when Reynard was seen struggling along, quite pumped out and bedraggled. He freshened up as he saw the hole in the wall which before now had let him in to the haven of rest in Beecham Wood, and put on a spurt, when a well-directed dose of No. 6 finished his career. To whip off the brush and give it to Brown in exchange for the sovereign was the work of a few seconds, and velvetens disappeared over the demesne wall. A few seconds more and the pack were up, and quickly destroyed all evidence of illegal vulpecide by their legal method. In about ten minutes the whip, the master, Blanche, and a few of the "first flighters" were up, to find Brown there in possession of the brush.

The only solution I have of the mystery is that Iconoclast went off mad when he found the spurs in him, took a line of his own, and, knowing the country, made for Beecham Wood.

The morning after the hunt Brown was down early, and got the post-bag before anyone saw it. At breakfast he produced an envelope with deep black border, and with a long face announced that he would be obliged to leave by the noon mail,

as he had just received the news of a dear aunt's death, and that he must attend her funeral.

Great were the lamentations from the Squire and Blanche over his sudden departure. I went up with him to his room after breakfast to help him pack, and when the door was closed, began, "I say, Brown, that letter——"

"Hu-s-sh! I can't help it—don't blab!"

Mr. and Mrs. Brown are a very happy and domestic couple. Brown has given up hunting and so has his wife, but I often notice that when the subject crops up Brown gets very red as his better half glances slyly across at him.

HEATH.

The Hertfordshire Foxhounds.

OUR pictures of the Hertfordshire Foxhounds are illustrative of the first meet of the season, which took place at Nomansland, near Harpenden.

The Hertfordshire are a very popular pack, the meets, as will be gathered from our illustrations, being well attended. The country is a fairly extensive one, and hunting takes place four days a week, under the mastership of Mr. E. R. Sworder. Curiously enough, the kennels of the hunt are not in the county which gives the name to the pack, but are established at Kennesbourne Green, near Luton, in Bedfordshire.

AN ALBANIAN WOLFHOUND.

WE are apt to boast not a little of the antiquity of some of our British breeds of dogs, and it is quite true that in the days when Rome was the centre of civilisation and power, these islands were celebrated for the excellence of the hounds of the chase which they produced. But the Albanian wolfhound RECKLESS, the property of Miss Burns, of Glenlie, Hamilton, comes of a family which was bred with the utmost care long before Cæsar discovered Britain. Nowadays, his duty is to be the shepherd's companion on the Albanian hills, and to protect the flock, the shepherd's charge, against the ravages of wolves. The wolf he must slay and chase, and to both ends he has been contrived by Nature and careful selection. Those long punishing jaws, those powerful forelegs and that deep chest, and the loose but muscular hindquarters, bespeak great pace and killing power. One can imagine that the flying wolf, progenitor of all dogs, would have but a sorry chance when his improved descendant, easily out-pacing him and running three yards to his one, stooped down upon him from above, half-tossed him, and crunched his ribs. Such is the function of the Albanian wolfhound of to-day, when he is not an honoured inmate of an English or Scottish household. In old times he was the favourite, not of the shepherd, but of kings, and he enjoys the unique privilege of being the subject of classical exaggeration which cannot be touched by even an American bear story in a condition of extreme tension. Out of regard to my reputation for accuracy, I take leave to observe that this "lie" is attributable to Pliny, and that I give it for what it is worth, which, regarding it as "a good thumping one," is a good deal. The King of Albania gave a dog of great size to Alexander the Great, who was then on his way to India. The Great one, according to the



Photo. by C. Reid.

RECKLESS.

Copyright.

summary of Mr. Watkins, the antiquary, "delighted at its appearance, commanded bears, boars, and stags to be slipped to it; but the creature lay motionless in supreme contempt." Then Alexander, in his rage, or, to put the thing in courtly words, "because his noble spirit was aroused," ordered the dog to be killed. Thereupon, the Albanian King sent him another dog, warning him not to try the animal with small game, but with lions and elephants. Of the lion, this huge and elegant vermin-killer made short work; the elephant gave him more trouble, but was finished off at last. "Pliny first and Ananias nowhere" will be the general verdict. "The rage and attack of dogs," says Pliny, and Mr. Watkins says the belief is as old as Homer, "may be mitigated by the person so assaulted sitting down quietly on the ground." It may be, but anybody else may sit down except

CANICULUS.

FIGHTING FOR THE FLAGS.

THE novice who refuses to listen to the voice of the football charmer, and takes up lacrosse, should not be imbued with a modesty which makes the curiosity of his fellow man a burden, for, sad to relate, although the game is some twenty years old in England, there are those to whom the sight of a crosse is still an unaccustomed thing. Ignorance, therefore, leads to pertinent and impertinent enquiries, discouraging to the man proud in possession of a new stick, which he is burning to use, and peradventure break, in the enthusiasm of youth. The writer well remembers his first experiences of the scornful street urchin with his rude enquiry as to whether he was going fishing or bird-snaring, and the innocent question of an old gentleman who should have known better: "Is that game played on horseback?" There would certainly be possibilities in lacrosse on horseback, with a substantial cart-horse in goal, racers on the wings, and a couple of circus performers trained to kneel down at the centre "face."

Lacrosse players at the present time, however, can afford to smile at popular ignorance, for they know that the game's future is safely assured. Speaking particularly of the South, it is no exaggeration to say that lacrosse is more firmly established now than at any time during the last ten years. Here and there a club has dropped out through lack of support, London County and the Honourable Artillery Company being the clubs mourned for this season, but generally the game is stronger. I do not say that there is a team now as powerful as were Snaresbrook when they won the flags in 1894 and 1895, or as Surbiton in 1896, when they won flags, cup, and championship of England, but the average of play is much higher. This is particularly noticeable in the improvement in second-team form, and by the fact that several of the clubs which started modestly with one junior team, are now running two, and even three, teams, the best of which can hold their own with the few clubs which formerly

had the senior honours quite at their mercy. The clubs alluded to as evidence of this increasing popularity are those in the London district and at Cambridge, to which the work of the South of England Lacrosse Association is at present confined; but within the last two or three seasons a very promising colony of players has sprung up in Devonshire and Somerset—an eminently satisfactory sign of progress. Exhibition games this season, too, have introduced possibilities in Bucks, Berks, and in untried parts of Surrey. Guildford is particularly a likely centre, and a club has been already organised there. It is pleasant to hear of the starting of the game in new districts, as it opens up a further field for competition, although, of course, there are quite enough clubs now in the South to give every one a full card each season. Still, newcomers are very welcome; they may be few in number, but the difficulties of the game, and a scarcity of instructors, make its progress somewhat slow. That preliminary hardships are worth overcoming, however, the thorough enthusiasm of old hands shows. Those who try lacrosse with the idea of learning it very easily will be disappointed; but once let the handling of the crosse be properly understood, and the advantages of the game are very obvious. Lacrosse is not the child's play its opponents would have us believe, but a thorough test of skill and staying power.

There has, in the South, been increased interest in competition games during the last few years, and the present divisional competition, with its four sections, and a trophy for the winner of each, induces most of the teams engaged to keep in their best form throughout the season. These contests, in which each club plays one game with every other club in the same division, are the best all-round tests of merit, but the flag competitions hold first place. C. E. T.

Long Service.

THE accompanying illustration is a portrait of the late Mark Howcutt, who was for thirty-five years whip to Lord Rothschild's Staghounds. He had recently retired from that position, on which occasion he was presented with a purse of £325, collected from the members of the hunt, his co-servant, Fred Cox, who, in the capacity of huntsman, had been ten years longer associated with Lord Rothschild's pack than Howcutt, and who retired at the same time receiving a similar amount.



Photo. J. T. Newman, MARK HOWCUTT. Great Berkhamsted.

It has long been a by-word that the typical 'bus driver, when he has a holiday, takes his leisure and pleasure riding on the 'bus of some other coachman. Whatever truth there may be in the saying, its parallel holds good as applied to hunt servants. It is certain that the majority of huntsmen and whips follow a calling in which they are very much interested, and no sooner are they free from following hounds as a duty, than they at once do so for pleasure. It is very sad to have to chronicle that this estimable servant should have met his death in the way that he did. It appears that, having been to the meet of the Whaddon Chase Foxhounds, he was riding home, when his horse slipped, and he fell on the road, receiving fatal injuries. His well-known figure has been recognised at the covert side on most days that the foxhounds have been out during the present season, and there will be many to regret that a good servant, who had performed his duties so well for an extended term of years, should not have lived to enjoy his well-earned retirement.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BLACK RABBITS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have an enclosed rabbit warren. When it was first enclosed I am very nearly certain that there was not a black rabbit on it, for I should think it was about four years after its enclosure that a "parson" rabbit was first seen there. It is morally impossible that there can have been black rabbits there during all that time and not one have been seen; virtually impossible, too, that any black one should have made his way in from outside, for I keep the enclosure very jealously. Now, wonderful to say, there is a proportion of black rabbits that I should put at about five in every hundred. One can scarcely look anywhere without seeing one. As a rule they are small, poor rabbits. Can you or any of your correspondents suggest the cause of this? Can one of them have been "throwing back" to a negro ancestor, and so have introduced the black blood into my flock?—BUNNY.

THE EDIBLE PASSION-FLOWER (*Passiflora Edulis*).

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Would you mind helping me in regard to the following? A friend is urging me to grow the edible Passion-flower, which he calls *Passiflora edulis*. He declares that it is the most delicious fruit he has tasted—beats the English apple, being quite free from the fulsome quality of so many of the tropical fruits. He describes it as similar to the fruit of the ordinary Passion-flower, which colours with its golden "eggs" many a wall in autumn. Kindly give me a little information in your delightful publication.—L. MAJOR.

[We have often wondered why a fruit so pleasantly flavoured and wholesome as this Passion-flower should be neglected. It is rarely seen in English gardens, but there is nothing difficult in its culture. The plant makes an ornamental climber, too, for a lofty conservatory. If, however, it is grown for its fruit a special course of treatment must be followed. A warm temperature, plenty of space, and not too much root run are essential. Fertilise the flowers, also, and screen slightly from the direct sun in spring and summer, especially before the fruits have set. Avoid overcrowding of the shoots. The fruit is of a rich brownish colour, and contains a yellowish flesh, which has an acid taste. A rather acid, or, more strictly, piquant pear, of the finest flavour, is what this Passion-flower fruit may be compared to. In a suitable structure it will bear two or even three crops a year.—ED.]

CARNATION EATERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—If "Puzzled" would kindly explain more in detail what part of the carnations were eaten up, I might, perhaps, be able to solve the mystery. During the summer the plants would be in full vigour, hence nothing in the world can have injured the foliage but rabbits; and why rabbits should attack carnations when they have lots to eat elsewhere puzzles me also. Sparrows will eat the foliage of carnations bare in winter, but not in summer. Pigeons *might* be the cause. Is this suggested by the lovely photograph intersecting the query? What about slugs? There are only three things that I know of that will devour carnations wholesale, and they are rabbits, wireworm, and slugs.—H. W. WEGUELIN.

SIR,—In answer to your correspondent "Puzzled," I may say that I have been at times much troubled by pheasants nipping off and apparently eating the young foliage of carnations. They are not as bad as hares or rabbits, but can do a great deal of harm to young plants. Sparrows are also guilty of the same offence, although in their case, I believe, it is done more out of mischief than with any idea of feeding on the plants. The attacks of slugs or snails are always recognisable. Beetles I have never been troubled with. If I were in your correspondent's uncertainty, I should lay a few carrots and turnips about the beds, and the marauder would doubtless soon leave his mark upon them, and afford a clue to his identity.—MARTIN R. SMITH.

ANOTHER GAME FOR GARDEN PARTIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Among the games that I have seen suggested for garden parties in your "Correspondence" column, I am surprised that no one should have mentioned "Spiropole," as its inventor, I believe, styles it, though in common parlance we disrespectfully call it "Bumblepuppy." It consists of a long pole, to which a tennis ball is attached by a long string, and the object of the game, in which two engage, is to wind up this string tight on the pole, until the ball touches it, by means of hitting the ball with a tennis racquet. One player hits, and tries to wind up in one direction, and the other in the other; and the one who first persuades the ball and string to wind themselves up tight, wins the game. It is productive of no end of fun, and though there is a deal of skill in it, it is a game in which ladies can perfectly well take part. I am afraid this last sentence has an ungallant sound about it, but I do not mean it at all in that sense. So many games of skill are practically debarred to ladies.—X.

Notes from my Diary.

by Mame Sans-Gêne.

MONDAY: The season of liberality has set in with more than its usual severity. What shall I give you? What will you give me? What shall we give to the other fellow? are the questions of the hour. Those who decry the practice of a dated liberality, out on them—they know not what they do! We all want some inducement to give, some excuse for receiving; and to know that as the 25th December arrives in due course, custom justifies us in the best acceptance of expensive courtesies, should be a joy to the well-conducted mind. I have casually mentioned to all my friends a variety of articles which are admirable in my eyes, and the purveyors to the shops this year seem to have a special aptitude for the collection of the article desirable. I can quote at least two dozen presents suited for the possession of the young girl. Could quote them? Why, I will. First and foremost on the list, I think, I shall put articles of dress. Anyone who is very intimate with the girl may give her a length of material, for a ball dress for choice.



LIBERTY SATIN GOWN TRACED WITH PAILLETES.

Should one not be so intimate with her, then may be selected one of the new sashes made of chiffon, frilled with satin ribbon. These sashes are very attractive, and rather too expensive for the young girl of my fancy to buy for herself. Gloves and handkerchiefs have perennial charms, and amongst the latest novelties of fashion without the reach of her who buys her own clothes on a limited allowance, is the latest variety in belts, the best of these undoubtedly being made of suède, with pearl and steel and diamond buckles.

And whilst I was writing all this valuable information for the benefit of an appreciative public, Essie came in and interrupted me with frivolous converse of fashions in Paris. She is always going to Paris, and always returning to try and persuade me that in England we know nothing about clothes. One of the latest joys of the Parisians is a necktie of velvet tied into a huge bow at the top, falling with long silk fringed ends to the knees. It does not sound to me very nice, but Essie assured me that it was delightful. She further boasted much of her own new dresses and the latest Parisian millinery, which appears to be of plate shape turned up at the back to show a huge bow, and trimmed in the front with a couple of ostrich feathers curling down over the brim. She was unkind enough to say that the jet embroidered gowns were not the last cry of fashion, but she only said this, I am sure, because she yearns that I should part with mine to her at half price; and then she offered as a heroine for my dressy dreams a sable cape lined with chinchilla. It is a heroine indeed, but it will be only of fiction, not of fact. Personally, I think I prefer the sable capes trimmed on the hem with two roulades of sable, lined with white satin, and a frill of real lace inside reaching to the hem. Essie's further information involved the description of a velvet dress trimmed with raised flowers made of glacé silk, and traced with chenille. She need not have gone to Paris for this luxury, for I met it at Jay's three weeks ago; but I never can persuade that young woman from the opinion that whatever is best in the world of France. There is no patriotism about her whatever.

WEDNESDAY: I return to the subject of my Christmas presents; at least, they are not mine, but other people's. I left off, I think, at the description of the young girl's requirements. They would really fill a book, of which the jewellery thereof would absorb two-thirds of the space. Among the newest baubles of jewellery is a golden apple for hanging on to a chain. This is rather too large to be entirely attractive, but it might be counted significant of the ways and habits of a Paris—which is not in modern France, but in ancient Greece. A charm to hang on a chain is a worthy outlet for the Christmas generosity of our best young man. The enamelled doll, which looks exactly like the wooden doll, and has jointed legs and arms, is very popular. There is a perfect Zoo modelled in gold with distinct success, and a pretty fancy is a billet-doux simulated in metal. But these are trifles light as air. More weighty matters are accessories for the toilet or writing table in silver. The latest fashion in silver is to combine it under its most simple aspect with coloured enamel. It is noticeable by the observant that the plain is far more popular than the chased description of silver, while there is a tendency to revive the old engine-turning. The great advantage of this is that it does not get easily scratched.

Toys for the children assume a serious aspect this season. They no longer make for the merely amusing, but, following the principle of life, as we try to think we live it to-day, they make straight for the instructive. The models of engines worked by electricity or other wonderful powers are, in themselves, handbooks to science, and no enterprising British boy should be without at least a motor-car, for which he can supply the motive power while it waits. Which reminds me that yesterday did I make a journey in a motor-car. It is quite an exciting method of progression, and even more exciting when it does not progress, for a crowd gathers round it and stares at you as if you were a wild animal or a tame idiot; and while you are driving along, it is incumbent upon you to preserve a stereotyped smile, to look as if you are really enjoying yourself. Even as a bicyclist will assume an air of abject misery, has it been written in the book of manners that the motor-car occupant must look delighted, which



BLUE VELVET TOQUE, WITH CAMELLIAS AND FEATHERS.

recalls to my memory that I have just been reading a most admirably-got-up book on "Manners for Women," written by that clever lady, Mrs. Hemmery. It really is a vast improvement on any book of etiquette which has ever yet been written, for it imparts valuable information to the ignorant, and imparts it under such attractive guise, in a book of oblong shape bound in white linen with rounded corners and wide margins. When I have time I am going to seriously study the article on "The Ethics of Dress," but at the moment there are two special subjects which appeal to me, and both are treated of in this volume, "Dinners and Dinner-parties," and "The Giving of Presents." Life in the immediate future will be to me a huge Christmas tree, from which I shall go picking and picking, presents with an assiduity worthy of Ruth—when she knew Boaz was looking. But I shall have my amiable readers approaching me in hundreds, armed with letters of interrogation, if I don't describe those two pictures, and they really should inspire a poem in their honour; but I must content myself with mere prose, and chronicle the fact that the dress is of Liberty satin, in a very soft shade of green, traced with green paillettes; the vest is of ivory lace, and a group of black ostrich feathers rests on one shoulder. The bodice is cut with special grace, the basque shaped in pointed tabs, the same effect being discernible on the shoulders, where frills of lace do duty for sleeves. The hat is of blue velvet, with a large bunch of white camellias at one side and a couple of shaded blue feathers slanting from the front to the back, with a diamond ornament.

And now to leave off writing and shop and shop again!

IN THE GARDEN.

THE IVIES.

THE most beautiful evergreen hardy climber is the Ivy, our common kind clothing hedgerow banks and woodland recesses with its veined leaves, as charming in their varied colouring as any flower. Flower girls know their use for buttonhole adornment, and the more richly hued leaves are considered sufficiently attractive for personal wear without blossoms of any kind. There is a host of varieties, all forms of one species (*Hedera Helix*), and they differ as much in growth as in the shape of the leaf. Some Ivies are of extremely delicate growth, others delightfully rampant, clothing the barest spots with a mantle of refreshing foliage that remains pleasing to look upon throughout the year. We see many an old church tower, ruined abbey wall, or castle keep, beautified with the luxuriant leafy masses, and in our illustration the pretty Bonchurch, now, we believe, practically deserted, owes not a little of its charm to this evergreen climber. Bonchurch is familiar to every tourist in the isle of flowers, as the Isle of Wight may be truthfully named, and the illustration will be recognised, doubtless, as not the least interesting spot in a fairyland of tree and flower life.

GROWING IVIES.

Ivies, except the more tender and uncertain varieties, are, of course, not troublesome to grow. Many fail through improper planting. To ensure quick and vigorous growth, the soil should be fairly good, the roots of the plant carefully laid out, and during the first summer plenty of water given during prolonged dry weather. Ivies may be planted at any season of the year, and this is a seasonable time, though, in the event of severe weather, postpone the work until spring. There is more colour in the various forms of the Ivy than one would

imagine, judging from the use of two or three kinds only. The plant is not merely suitable for clothing a wall with verdant green, but groups of the tree Ivy on the outskirts of the lawn, or edgings formed of the evergreen, are pleasing too.

TREE IVIES.

Tree Ivies are in truth shrubs. We enjoy the masses of intense green leafage, which are ornamental in the winter, and may be relieved during other parts of the year by neighbouring flowers. When planted against a brick pillar, the Ivy, as it surmounts the top, assumes a tree-like growth, spreading out in heavy masses on all sides, a feature in the garden, indeed, more picturesque still when the clusters of black berries add a touch of sombre colouring.

IVY EDGINGS.

The Ivy makes a splendid permanent edging, but it must be kept in order. The Irish kind is as vigorous as any, and may be used for this purpose, trimming the growth each spring to preserve a somewhat even outline, without which the shoots get ragged. In Paris the Ivy is more in request for this purpose than here; but that it makes a splendid wide margin, we have evidence in such a place as the Embankment Gardens, where, amidst smoke and dirt, the plant seems at home. An edging of a good variegated variety, such as Lee's Silver or *Madeirensis variegata*, is attractive from the bright variegation of its leaves, but, unfortunately, all of this class are tender. A hard winter punishes the growth severely. No climber is more suitable to clothe iron railings, so frequent in town and suburban gardens, or to cover the bare soil beneath trees. It seems to thrive even in dense shade, at least, such shade as a large deciduous tree gives, and which prevents grass from covering the soil. In the Royal Gardens, Kew, the ground beneath many of the beautiful deciduous trees there is planted with Ivy, with *Daffodils* here and there to give colour in spring, followed by the lovely blue shades of the Spanish Scilla.

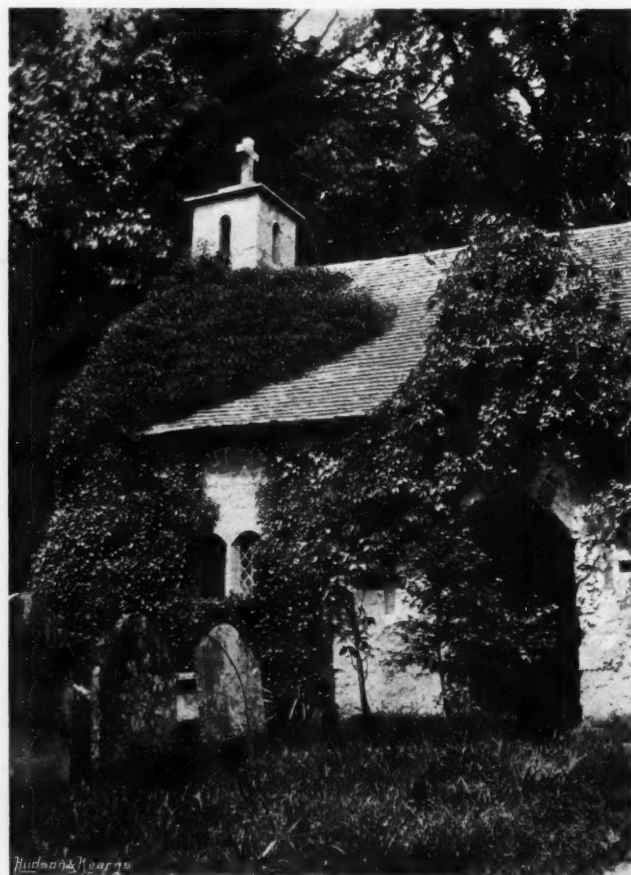
FORMS OF THE IVY.

The variety most generally grown is the Irish (*Hedera canariensis*), a green-leaved kind, as we need hardly remark, but there are many robust handsome kinds besides this, such as Emerald Gem, the pretty bird's-foot Ivy (*H. pedata*), *H. digitata*, *H. Glymi*, *H. algeriensis*, and *H. Ragneriana*, also called *H. dentata*. The first of this list is a very quick growing and robust variety, which we strongly recommend for planting against a wall. *Digitata* and *palmaria* have prettily cut leaves, and *Ragneriana* is the big-leaved Ivy frequently seen adorning some outhouse, stable, and similar position. When fully developed, its leaves will measure over a foot across. An Ivy everyone should have is called *Atropurpurea*. No kind is richer in leaf colouring—deep chocolate tone almost, against bronze-green. The growth is vigorous, and in every way this is an Ivy to plant in a conspicuous position. The bright yellow-flowered *Jasminum nudiflorum*, now wreathed with blossom, when planted against the purple-leaved Ivy makes a pleasant contrast.

THE WINTER SWEET.

We hope every reader of COUNTRY LIFE who enjoys the garden in winter will plant this precious flower. It is commencing to expand its fragrant blossom, pale yellow with small crimson sepals, the flowers studding thickly the leafless shoots. A few sprigs will perfume a large room. The variety with the largest flowers is called *grandiflorum*, but there are several forms, differing in depth of colouring and size. It is really a shrub, but will grow well against a warm sunny wall. *Chimonanthus fragrans* is the botanical name.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We gladly help any reader anxious to receive assistance in any matter dealing with the garden.



BONCHURCH, SHOWING BEAUTY OF IVY AS A CLIMBER.